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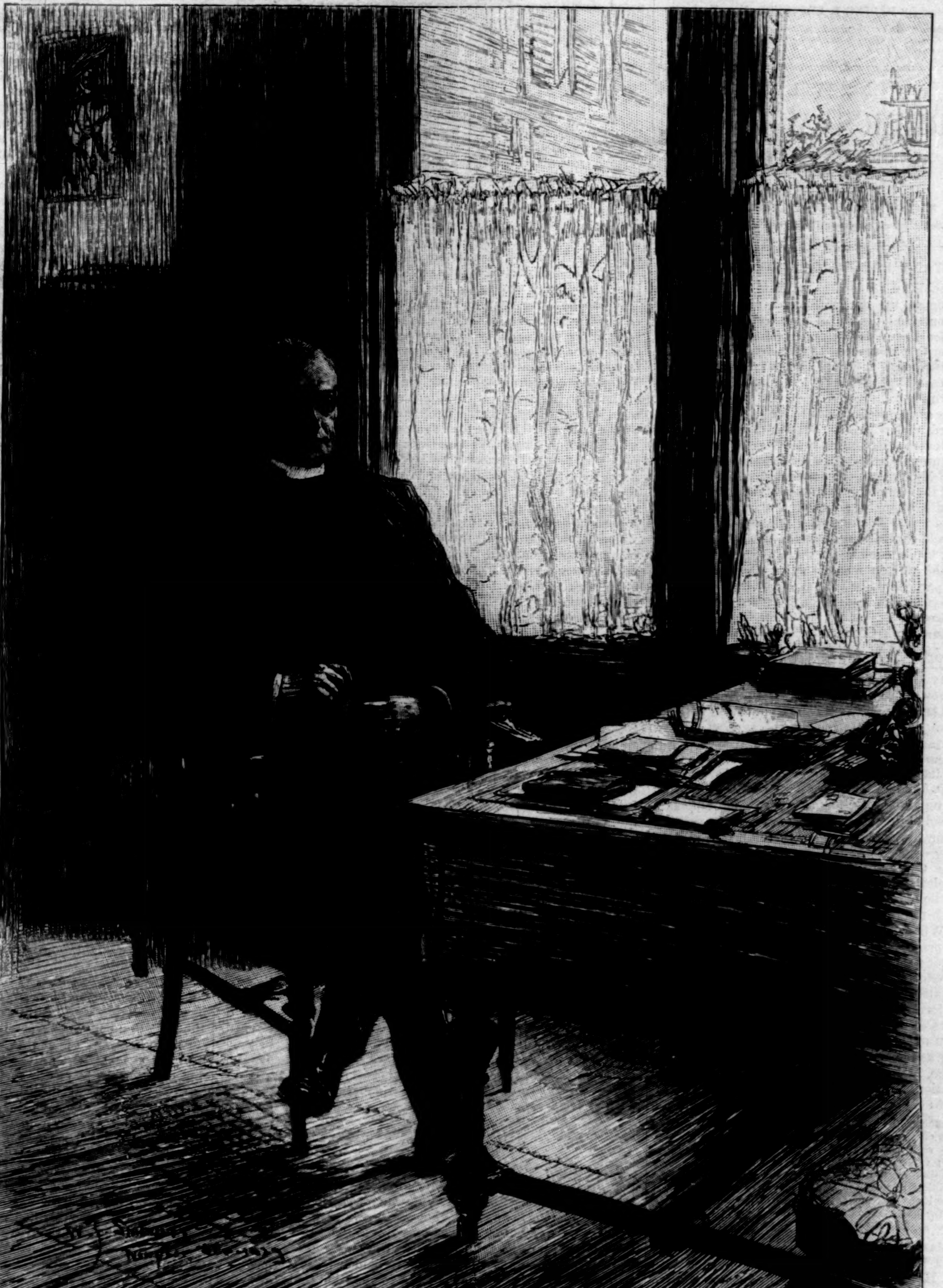

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IMPORTANT REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

If Republican leadership in New York inspired confidence, the declarations of the Convention would command the warm support of all citizens who desire honest ballot and civil service reform. If the fact that the record of the party in the past is more illustrious than that of any party in our history were an earnest of its fidelity to sound principles and of its devotion to honest government, its ascendency would be as unquestioned as in its great days. But this record, upon which Mr. Depew, in the New York, and ex-Governor Robinson, in the Massachusetts Convention, proudly enlarged, did not prevent the nomination of Mr. Blaine, the corruption of the last election, and the contemptuous abandonment by the party administration, by a powerful part of the party press, and by the dominant party leaders, of the most solemn and explicit engagements with the country. It is not by its conduct in the slavery controversy and in the war, in reconstruction and resumption, that the party must be judged to-day, but by its general action and its leadership in regard to the questions of to-day.

The New York Convention of this year was by common consent Mr. Platt's Convention. Mr. Warner Miller attended at his chariot wheels, with the fair party purpose of exhibiting "harmony." Of course, however, such harmony is transparent, and Mr. Miller's appearance in the Convention will not secure an enthusiastic or general support of Mr. Platt's ambition by Mr. Miller's friends. But apart from these purely partisan aspects of the Convention, its nominations were excellent. The Springfield *Republican*, a close observer, says that they are the best on an off year for five years. Mr. Gilbert, at the head of the ticket, is an honest man in politics, and naturally in sympathy with the best traditions and progressive spirit of his party. His associates upon the ticket are, we believe, equally worthy of commendation. The platform declarations in regard to liquor license and ballot reform are in accord with the best public sentiment upon those subjects. Whatever may be thought of the probability of their practical embodiment in law by a Republican Legislature, there is certainly no probability of any serious efforts for such reform from the party in the State controlled by Governor Hill. The declaration upon reform in the civil service is amusing. When a Platt Convention approves "the purification and elevation of the civil service," it is of the same consequence as the similar approval of Mr. Toots. Four years ago, in the first year of the Democratic administration, this was the New York Republican affirmation:

> "We denounce the hypocritical pretences under which faithful Republican officers are removed on the plea of offensive partisanship, while such men as Higgins, Thomas, Troup, Chase, Pillsbury, Aquila Jones, and others, some of whose names appear upon the prison records of the country, and whose recommendation is political partisanship, are appointed in their places. . . . We believe it the duty of the Republican majority of the Senate to oppose the confirmation of any person appointed in violation of the letter or spirit of the Civil Service Act."

The Massachusetts Republican Convention nominated Mr. Brackett for the Governorship, and with him Mr. Haile, who is by no means a representative of the same kind of politics. Mr. Brackett was the candidate of "the machine," Mr. Crapo of the progressive and traditional Republicans. He is the kind of man that Republican Massachusetts used to prefer. The nominations are respectable, and will command the party support. The platform was drawn by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, and congratulates the President "upon the practical wisdom and honest purpose with which he has dealt with the complicated and difficult matter of appointments." Having said this it wisely forbears any statement of the principles of reform or any reference to the President's pledges. The result of the Convention which is most to be regretted is the apparent withdrawal of Mr. Crapo from public life.

THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTIONS.

There was general expectation that the constitutions of the new States would not merely repeat the general administrative scheme of the older States, but illustrate the movement of political thought in the country, and the results of experience in administration. This anticipation has been fulfilled in the proposed constitution of Wyoming more than in any of the others, so far as their cardinal clauses have been made known. Wyoming, for instance, is the only considerable community in which the experiment of the equal suffrage of men and women has been fairly tried, and for a long time. The testimony to its entire practicability and excellent results in the Territory has been uniform and positive. The anticipated troubles have not occurred, because it was the extension of an intelligent suffrage. Possible evils may easily be magnified before the event. But in the governments of English-speaking communities an intelligent increase of the suffrage has never been a misfortune. It has not been supposed by the wise friends of popular government that it was practicable in Dahomey or Ashantee. But that fact was never accepted by the American population of the Territory of Wyoming as a conclusive argument against the voting of intelligent women in America.

It was, however, easy to imagine that there might be a decided division of opinion as to the wisdom of recognizing this equality in the constitution of Wyoming as a State. But it has been recognized, and in some important respects it would appear that the Wyoming constitution is more judicious than any of the new instruments. While it enfranchises women, it carefully guards the intelligence and honesty of the suffrage. It provides against the ignorance which foreign immigration carries to the far West by requiring that the electors must be full citizens, with a specified term of residence in Wyoming, and that they must be able to read English. Ballot reform seems also to have been secured by requiring that ballots shall be issued by the State. These three provisions alone speak well for Wyoming. They indicate an intelligent and thoughtful community, and not a mere multitude of ranchmen and "frontiersmen" which the population of a Western Territory is often supposed to be. The question of the acceptance of such a constitution by Congress is interesting, because it cannot fail to produce a discussion, in which the national legislature would express its views in earnest upon a question which is generally treated only with pleasant badinage.

The tendency toward the political enfranchisement of women in all the Territories is revealed by the fact that in the four States already admitted, the Conventions, while declining to place the equality of suffrage in the fundamental law, have authorized its reference to the popular vote. In Washington Territory the hopes of the friends of equal suffrage between the sexes were strongest. The Convention, however, required the word "male" before that of "citizen," but submits woman suffrage as a separate article to the voters. As the voters who are to pass upon the constitution now include women, it is a curious question whether they will support, for other reasons, a constitution which refuses them the fundamental right of citizenship which they have enjoyed. In Montana the Convention was closely divided upon the question, and the constitution permits tax-paying women who have the other qualifications of voters to vote upon all questions submitted to the tax-payers. In South Dakota the first State Legislature must submit the question to the people. All the proposed constitutions admit women to the school suffrage. Upon the whole, therefore, it must be agreed that the facts show a strong drift in the Territories toward equality of suffrage between the sexes. And this is significant, because nowhere else has the actual experiment of such suffrage been so fully tried.

THE FAIR SITE.

Opposition to the proposed site of the great Fair may be deprecated, but it was inevitable, and should have been avoided by those whose deprecatory and apologetic tone shows that they were aware of its existence, its extent, and its good reason. The protest against perverting the upper part of Central Park to a purpose expressly and wisely forbidden by law will not be silenced by the amusing vociferation that there is universal approval of the scheme, and that all question and criticism are evidence of sinister hostility to the Fair itself. The immediate and vigorous expressions of disapproval from eminent and representative citizens, the warm protest of a large part of the city press, the reluctant and hesitating acquiescence of another part, and the unqualified support of a very small part, all show the real state of the public mind, which is that of strong disapproval. To this must be added the emphatic and practically unanimous opinions of park superintendents, engineers, and experts in other great cities, that the proposed seizure would be a great calamity for the Park. The precedent of the Centennial Exhibition in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia has been cited. But the chief engineer and superintendent of the Park at that time says that the damage would be "almost incalculable." The chairman of the Park Commission in Worcester, Massachusetts, concisely summarizes the mischief: "It implies waste of past development, interference with present enjoyment, and discouragement of future improvement."

The site selected by the committee, exclusive of the Park, if practicable, is well chosen. It has the cardinal advantage of convenient access. Its neighborhood to Central Park, which is the chief attraction of the city, is in itself a great advantage. But the obvious condition of this advantage is that the famous pleasure-ground, which every visitor will wish to see, shall be seen not despoiled, but in its complete beauty. The argument for taking the Park, "if necessary," is not that there is not ground enough beyond the Park, but that it may be held at too high a price. This, however, is equally true of all other sites, unless it be some of the city land in Westchester. The demand of private land anywhere for such a purpose must necessarily greatly enhance its price and increase the total cost of the Exhibition. But this is not an argument for seizing Central Park for the purposes of the Fair. Nine years ago, when it was proposed to take it for a similar purpose, and Mr. Henry S. Stebbins insisted that the success of the Fair depended upon it, the ready reply of some of the papers which now insist upon the seizure was, that if Mr. Stebbins was right, the sooner the project of a Fair was abandoned the better, for the game was not worth the candle. That was the general feeling, and the Park was saved. It was acknowledged that it was a great deal easier to damage such a pleasure resort as the Park than to repair damages afterward. The wisdom of the law which expressed the general feeling of that time in protecting the Park from innovation and occupation for other purposes is illustrated not only in the present proposition, but by all preceding schemes of the same kind.

It is a very important question, and it is most desirable that at this time and in this instance the precedent should be established of reserving the Park for its legitimate object. The disposition to encroach is constant, and it must be firmly withstood, or the consequences will be most unfortunate. It is doubtful even now whether the City Hall Park can be saved from destruction by the proposed municipal buildings, and if such encroachment, perversion, and occupation are permitted, the parks will disappear. The repeal of the law prohibiting the use of any portion of Central Park for this Fair, or for any other, would be a very grave misfortune for the city of New York. It is already a misfortune that a public sentiment, which was known to be as deep and general as it is reasonable, should have been disregarded. When the suggestion was first made, some months ago, the manner in which it was received should have apprised the members of the Committee of the character and extent of the opposition. Those who most enjoy and need the Park will undoubtedly enjoy the Fair. But it is not with their consent that the Park will be devastated.

SOME TARIFF ABSURDITIES.

The droll notion that high duties upon imports must of themselves necessarily protect American labor is strikingly illustrated in the case of stained glass. This decorative art has grown up in this country, and is struggling with the most absurd "protection." The raw material pays about 45 per cent. duty, and the lead about 60 per cent., and all other details in proportion, without regard to the difference of the price of labor. The work is completed by American manufacturers under these heavy burdens of duty on raw material, and then—the completed foreign work comes in free if for a religious use. At least three-quarters of the orders for stained glass are for churches and other religious buildings, and it follows that the American manufacturer is "protected" by crushing burdens upon his enterprise and industry. He fights not only against the enormous tax upon his raw material, but against the direct competition of the foreign article. When bids for good work in stained glass are asked for churches, the American artificer is overweighted with the absurd duty on raw material and the free entry of the foreign product. In vain the stained-glass interest has besought Congress either to free the raw material or to tax the foreign church windows. That interest employs the best designers and workers, but "protection" is constantly disabling their industry. Will any Doctor of Protection explain why, if the manufactured article is to enter free, the duty should not be taken from the raw material?

The interesting wool question also appeals once more to public judgment. The growth of carpet wools in this country is very inconsiderable, and for that reason Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, the Treasurer of the Lowell Carpet Company, and the noted wool house of G. W. Bond & Co., in Boston, and even so resolute a Republican party organ as the Buffalo *Commercial*, favor a removal of duty on carpet wools. The large wool house of Marger & Avery admit the justice of the demand for repeal, but are conscious of the chance of possible reprisals from other branches of the wool interest if the entry of such wool should be made free. This apprehension is justified by the notice served by the severe protectionists that protection being for the good of the whole, individual interests must accept suffering joyfully in view of the general benefit. The stained-glass manufacturers must bear with exultation the grinding torment of a heavy tax upon raw material, combined with the free entry of the foreign product, because churches ought to have stained windows free. The New England iron men must gladly acquiesce in duties which close their mills because Pennsylvania iron-works prosper, and carpet-makers must constantly smile with satisfaction upon the tax of their raw material, which is not produced here, because perhaps it may be produced hereafter, and because if they succeed in lightening it other wool interests will combine to lay other equal burdens upon them.

The competition of protection is like that of pensions. Every politician who aims at the soldier vote tries to outstrip his rival in promising to support a more extravagant pension system. Every protectionist shudders at the blasphemous idea of touching the sacred tariff with a view of revision, except to "tighten it up." The central doctrine of protection, as popularly expounded, being that a high tariff is indispensable to high wages, it is assumed that the higher the tariff, the higher will wages be. But before the first year of the administration has passed it is plain that the frenzy of the campaign and of the platform declarations is declining. The wide demand for the free entry of carpet wools, the protest of the iron interest in New England against the tariff, the palpable folly of the tariff treatment of the stained-glass manufacture, the expostulations of some leading party journals, like the *Pioneer-Press* of St. Paul, and the Buffalo *Commercial*, all show that the tariff settlement offered by the Senate last year will not now be acceptable.

THE PEOPLE AND PENSIONS.

It is stated on behalf of Senator Manderson that he has not yet signed the voucher for his pension and arrears, and awaits an official medical examination before doing so. If this story be true, the Senator entirely misunderstands the situation. An army pension is a grant to soldiers who, by wounds and by sickness arising from service, have been disabled from earning their living, or it is relief to their needy widows. It is not yet a gratuity to every man who enlisted or who was drafted. Was Senator Manderson disabled in such ways from earning his living? On the contrary, he is reported to be in very comfortable circumstances, and the action of Tanner in his case offered him an admirable opportunity for stating strongly the reasonable and patriotic view of pensions, and for rebuking the conduct of Tanner in assuming that military service during the civil war was a wholly mercenary transaction. The true view has been well expressed by a veteran whose right to speak for brave and patriotic soldiers will not be questioned. General McMahon says:

> "In my opinion, the prevailing sentiment of the Grand Army, if it could be properly ascertained, would be found to be simply this: that the government should comply with the implied contract made with the men who entered the service in the war of '61 by giving liberal pensions to those who were actually disabled, and to the widows of the dead soldiers who are in need. Neither the government nor the people ever undertook to do more than this, and the talk about pensioning every man, without reference to his physical disability or his condition in life, is carried to an absurd excess by many people who claim to represent the Grand Army."

General McMahon thinks also that the payment of pensions should be suspended in the case of those whose income enables them to live comfortably, the suspension to continue as long as the circumstances were unchanged. The general is one of the governors of the National Soldiers' Homes, in which every needy veteran, by whatever reason disabled from earning his livelihood, may be supported. But when the arrears of pension act was passed the effect was most unhappy. The general says:

> "By far the greater number of these men, coming suddenly into the possession of large sums, amounting in some instances to thousands of dollars, immediately took their departure from the homes, only to return after a few weeks or months utterly broken down, ragged, robbed, and destitute. When the arrears of pension bill was passed, it was claimed that $40,000,000 would cover all expenditure under the law. It has already exceeded more than five times that amount, and there are claims still pending for over $200,000,000 more. The pension legislation asked for now, if enacted, will very greatly exceed any estimate thus far made, and I have no hesitation in saying that it will greatly exceed the entire cost of the war."

General McMahon, at the late National Encampment of the Grand Army, offered a resolution condemning the ruling of Assistant Secretary of the Interior Bussey, that a dishonorable discharge is not a disqualification for receiving a pension. Mr. Bussey's ruling, as we have shown, however startling, was in accordance with the accepted interpretation of the law. But the outburst of surprise and indignation with which it has been greeted shows that General McMahon's resolution expresses the general public feeling upon the subject. It is a monstrous proposition that a soldier who has disgraced the service should be pensioned because he had been wounded in the service. General McMahon intimates that a law will be introduced in Congress prohibiting the pensioning of dishonorable and unfaithful service. Such a law would be gladly welcomed by every honorable veteran and citizen.

The public men and the newspapers that insist upon a clear understanding of this subject, and do not agree that Tannerism and patriotism are synonymous, are denounced by some administration organs as "soldier haters," who "have entered upon a general crusade against the Union pensioners of the country." Such a foolish assertion is a necessary part of a bid for the soldier vote. But soldier-hating could not be shown more decisively than by the plain declaration that the soldier vote is a mercenary vote, which can be bought by the party that gives the most money. This is the attitude in which the administration organs insist upon placing the Republican party, as if the odor of corruption was not already strong enough. But with a payment for pensions now equal to that for the support of an immense standing army, with a rapid increase of the payment, and the disposition to lay still heavier burdens upon the people, the most abusive organ may be perfectly sure that while it vituperates, the pension question will be thoroughly sifted and set before the country in its true light, and that it will be settled by patriotic good sense, and not by Tanner gabble and bravado.

A NOBLE BEQUEST.

The late President Barnard, of Columbia College, was childless, and his will bequeaths his whole property to the college, with a life estate to his wife. This is the crowning act of a scholar's devotion to the institution with which his name will be identified. The event proves his selection as President to have been a fortunate event for Columbia. There was, of course, some discussion and some warm debate. But when the choice was made, it was soon evident that the new President was not a mere beneficiary of the favor of the trustees, nor respectable figure-head, nor a worthy gentleman placed to his own advantage in "a soft place," but a man of scholarly perception and force, who comprehended the condition and the needs of college education in America.

It is undeniable that Columbia College never held a higher position in the country than it holds now, nor is it less certain that it owes that position largely to its late President. During his term of service there was a general and striking revival of college interests in the country, and President Barnard, seconded by the board of trustees, did not suffer Columbia to falter, but kept her advancing in the front rank with others. His views doubtless sometimes outran those of other friends of the college. But Columbia never had a more energetic President, nor one in fuller sympathy with the best university sentiment and the leading masters of education.

It is a touching proof of his deep interest and honest pride in the college that the late President has left to it his not inconsiderable property by a will which is satisfactory to his relatives. He long favored opening the opportunities of the college to women as to men, and happily the new annex will bear his name, and doubtless share his bounty. There are no sounder pleas for the higher education of women than those made by President Barnard, whose memory will be always warmly cherished by the college which his will makes his child.

A QUESTION OF CLOTHES.

The question of State socialism presents itself in unexpected forms, which show how unconsciously its principle is accepted even by those who would reject the abstract theory. The phrase body-politic assumes the State to be a unit, an organized community, which may provide at its pleasure for its own advantage. This is the ground upon which it establishes a system of public schools, not for the benefit of the individual scholars, but of the State. The post-office is maintained with the same view, and the question whether the State should not carry passengers as well as parcels is obviously one of expediency only. It would not imply the introduction of a new principle into the action of the government.

A late instance of the progress of the general principle of State aid is found in Chicago. The law requires children to attend school. But they cannot be compelled to attend without proper clothes, and a large number of the children are too poor to be decently clad. The Board of Education, therefore, in order to secure compliance with the law, has applied to the County Board for a supply of clothing, which the County Board refuses. The courts may justify the demand of the Board of Education, or the Legislature may be asked to decide the question. It would hardly repeal the law because of the extreme poverty of the beneficiaries. Yet if it requires children to go to school whose parents cannot properly clothe them, the State must clothe them.

The question of State aid is always one of expediency, not of theory. The English-speaking race is illogical and inconsistent in government, but it secures the greatest good of the greatest number. Undoubtedly its experience shows that certain courses are, upon the whole, better than others for the common welfare. But to deduce a law from such experience is very hazardous. Experience, for instance, has proved pretty plainly that the best government is not always that which governs least, and any proposition of action should not be met by that theory, but by a careful consideration of the circumstances.

THE OCTOBER "HARPER."

The October number of Harper's Magazine is an admirable illustration of what a monthly magazine should be. The quality and variety of the papers are remarkable, and the illustrations are of the excellence which is long familiar to the readers of Harper. The names of the authors in the table of contents and the character of the topics show what a microcosm of contemporary interest a popular monthly magazine now is, and, compared with similar publications a century and less than a century ago, what a monthly feast of valuable literature it serves for the reader.

From Professor Norton's delightful, scholarly, and instructive story of the building of the Church of St. Denis to Austin Dobson's poem of the "Noble Patron," illustrated by Abbey; from Theodore Child's "Fair of Nijnii-Novgorod" to Edward Bellamy's characteristic sketch, "With the Eyes Shut"; from Miss Annie Slosson's amusing "Butterneggs" to Dr. Keen's "Recent Progress in Surgery"—and so through the whole number, both of text and illustration, the range is most extensive and the actual value undeniable. Mr. Warner's novel, "A Little Journey in the World," naturally deepens in interest as the characters come into fuller play and the motive of the story is more clearly disclosed. It is a picture of contemporary American life, at once vivid, forcible, and delicate, with the elements of tragedy in its brilliant and familiar portraiture. It is very interesting in this story, and in Mr. Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes" in the Weekly, to observe the differing but sympathetic treatment of the same general theme.

We cannot mention in detail every toothsome dish at this bountiful table. Lintot or Tonson, whom Austin Dobson mentions with so much relish, the old publisher, whom Abbey happily depicts, would not have looked upon such a magazine as doubtfully as he turns over the manuscript in the picture, nor have suggested that a lord's favor was indispensable to its success. He would have owned that good wine needs no bush; that the October Harper asks no smile of prince or patron to commend it, but is heartily welcome in its own fair right.

PERSONAL.

Cardinal Manning's habits of life are said to be conducted with a regularity that rivals the exactness of a railway time-table. His chief meal is in the middle of the day, when he takes one chop, but the principal articles in his dietary come from a little farm he has in the country, whence he receives milk, cream, butter, and most of his fruit and vegetables. The Cardinal's faculties and sympathies are not in the least dulled by age, and his memory is remarkable. His library is crowded with books, not only the walls being concealed by laden shelves, but even the middle of the room is so taken up with bookcases that there is barely space to pass between them. The Cardinal knows the whereabouts of every volume, and can lay his hand on any book he wants at a moment's notice. The apartment is his workshop and living-room, and owing to his decreased vitality, he usually has a blazing fire here, no matter what the season. His labors among the dockers during the strike were a great strain upon his strength, and he could hardly have borne the burden of mediator much longer.

—The late Dr. Weil, the distinguished Orientalist and German historian, had the honor of being the first Israelite who was ever admitted to a professorship in the University of Heidelberg. Dr. Weil held the chair of Oriental Languages there from 1861 until his death. He had travelled extensively, and studied Persian, Turkish, and Arabic in Cairo, Egypt, and was at the same time engaged in the public schools there as French professor and interpreter.

—Lieutenant John P. Finley, Signal Corps, United States Army, has been detached from Washington to the Signal Office at Boston, Massachusetts. He takes with him important data concerning the laws of tornado formation, collected under his direct supervision since 1877. The average frequency of these destructive visitations will become better known with his improved tabulations of later facts.

—The resident director of the Cambria Iron-Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Mr. James McMillan, began life as a mule-driver on a towpath, later became captain of a canal-boat, and finally, by a lucky speculation in wheat, laid the foundations of his present fortune. Although a very wealthy man, he still leads an active business life.

—One of the most interesting localities to visit in London during the recent dock strike was the "Booth Arms," a hostelry conducted by members of the Salvation Army. The food was plain, but plentiful and good, and sold at an almost nominal rate. One hundred thousand dockers were estimated to have been fed there during the strike. Soup, bread, sandwiches, coffee, tea, and cocoa were the principal items on the *menu*.

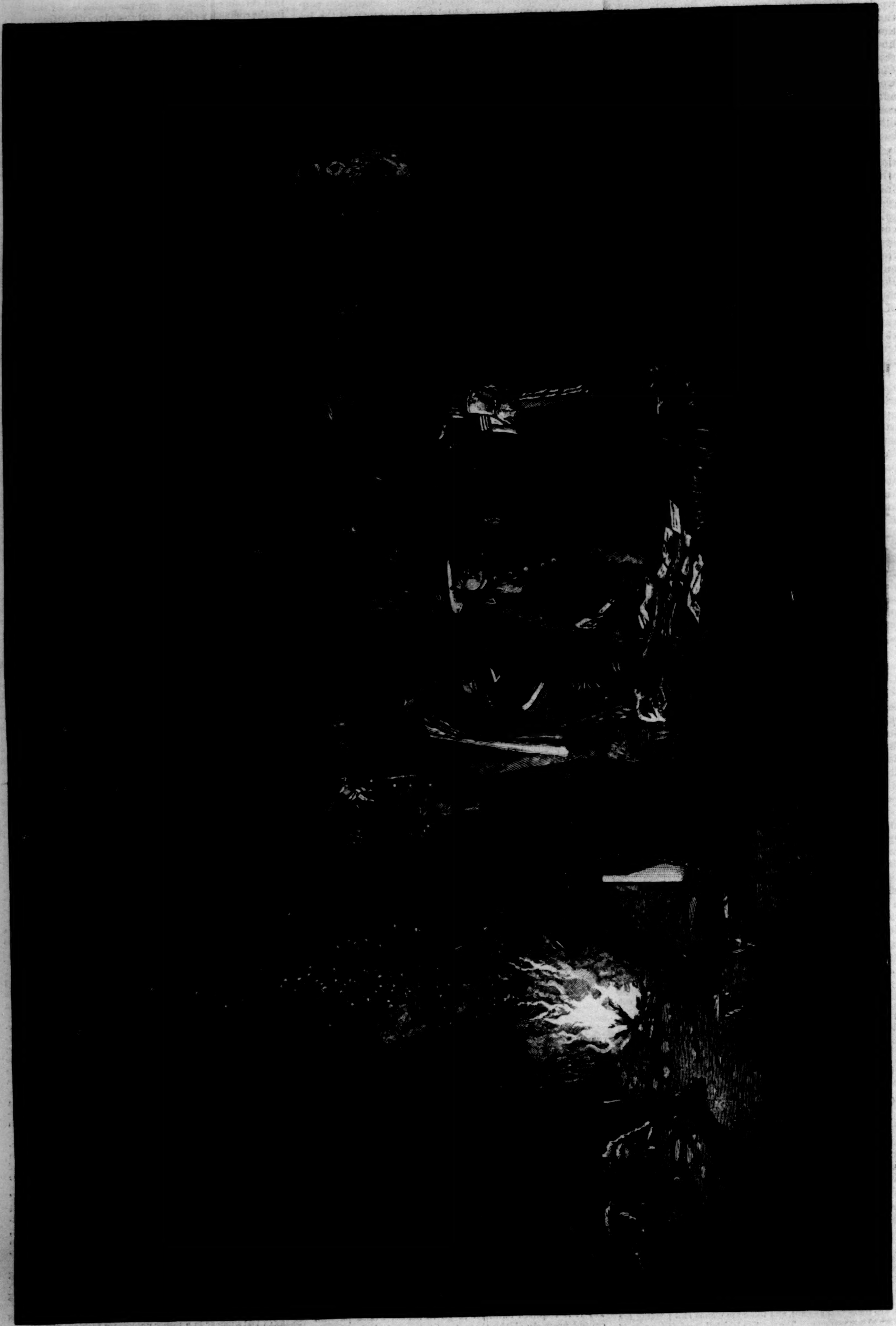
—The Wild West show is to be perpetuated on canvas by Rosa Bonheur, who, though over seventy years of age, is devoting herself to making studies of Buffalo Bill's ponies and Indians, with the intention of reproducing them in a large painting.

—Queen Louise of Denmark recently celebrated her seventy-second birthday at Fredensborg, surrounded by her six children and most of her numerous grandchildren. She is the mother of the Crown Prince of Denmark, the present Czarina of Russia, the reigning King of Greece, and the future Queen of England.

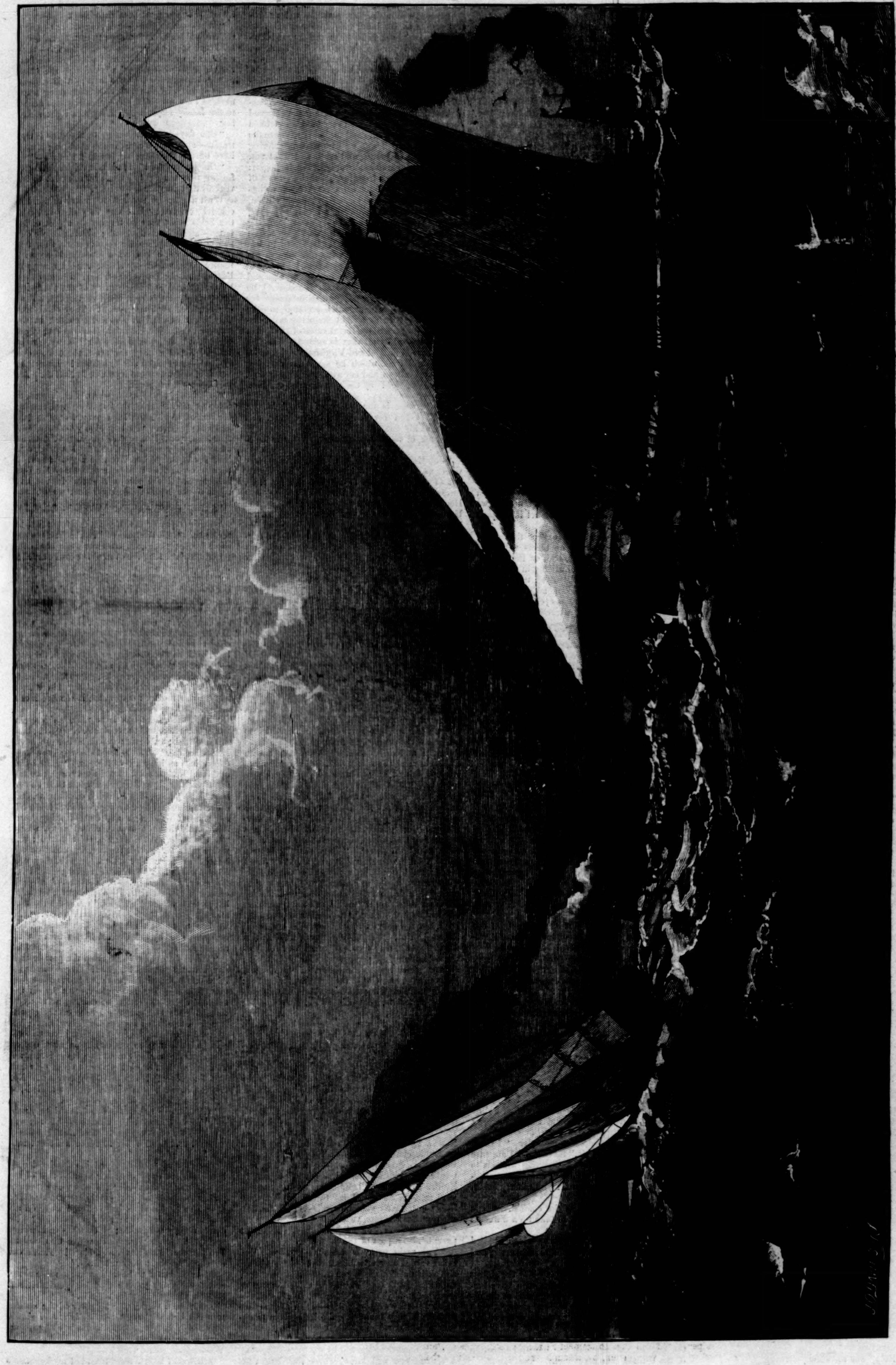
—The relatives of the late Dr. Barnard are said to approve of the will by which he left to Columbia College all his property and effects. The new Barnard College will probably be especially benefited by this bequest. His estate, independent of his library, etc., is estimated at $80,000, but, as his widow holds a life-interest in this, the college will derive no pecuniary advantage from the property until after her death.

—Rumors are afloat that the Shah of Persia talks of visiting the United States *incognito* some time during the ensuing year. He is undecided whether to come then, or to postpone his coming until the Exposition of 1892.

—Ex-President Ferry's unpopularity was demonstrated to John Sherman last summer in a rather unpleasant fashion. The Parisian crowd mistook the Senator for the whilom head of the French Republic, and jeered him so unmercifully that the victim to the resemblance had to return hastily to his hotel to escape the unpleasant remarks with which he was pelted.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL IN CAMP.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 795.]



THE RACE BETWEEN PILOT-BOAT "HESPER" AND FISHING SCHOONER "FREDONIA," OFF BOSTON HARBOR.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 799.]

JOB HENKINS'S CLAIM.

"Lost? I lost everythin'—everythin'—along o' the wah."

He was our driver. He drove us in an old tattered carry-all about the sandy roads of Norfolk, Virginia. He was quite as tattered as the carry-all, and quite as forlorn; so forlorn that the old nag he drove and the carry-all and he seemed to be all of one piece.

He was a taciturn man, with a sandy beard. They told us he was a specimen of genuine "white trash." He never knew where any one lived, or when the trains went. He never knew anything about distances. He never knew where any public building was to be found, or, being found, what any large public building *was*. He was in dense ignorance about anything and everything *in* Norfolk, and his mind was a blank about all matters outside. He was always at the station waiting. Sometimes he made his way about with a trunk or a visitor, and seemed to lose himself in the few rambling streets, and find himself again at the station with mortified surprise.

A slouchy, poverty-worn, thin-faced, hollow-chested specimen of white trash! Yet from the first I pitied and employed him. He rarely opened his cavernous mouth. He never looked at you when he spoke. But occasionally, as if his misfortunes had welled up in his bosom and demanded expression in spite of himself, he would look off in the distance dreamily, pull hard on the reins, and exclaim, loud enough for the rear seat in the old carry-all to hear:

"Lost? I lost everythin'—everythin' I hed—along o' the wah."

I pitied him and sympathized with him, and gradually, as he repeated this singular expression from time to time, I became exceedingly curious to learn what and how much he had lost; for I, too, had lost a great deal on account of the war. Here was a poor sufferer, I thought, who had lost *all* in that war which had deprived me of a brother and a part of my fortune. By every device I could think of I tried to discover what and how he had lost his all, but upon this sad topic, beyond the expression already quoted, he was mute. I only recall one other instance of his speaking while my children and I drove about with him that summer. One of the children cried, "Oh dear, I've forgotten to bring my handkerchief!"

"Hain't ye got sle-e-eves?" he asked, as if of the old horse in front of him. Imagine our laughter!

Beyond this he never spoke while driving, nor would he tell me about his losses. He was dumb. He had lost everything. What I had suffered was a bagatelle. Houses, lands, children, parents, relations, money—*everything!* I glanced at his long hatchet-face from my back seat with the children. He was still a rather young man, I thought, to have *had* much to lose in war times, twenty-five years ago. Really he did not appear to be over forty on close examination. Dirt had grimed into the wrinkles of his face and added to his age. Perhaps he alluded to his parents and *their* losses; perhaps he had reference to the "lost cause" in general, or to some one else's losses—a friend near and dear to him. At the time I was never enlightened. His doleful aspect, his silence, his poverty; the fact, which I knew, that even the old horse and carry-all were not his; that nothing seemed to be his; that he *did* seem very forlorn and friendless—I pitied him, and, as I say, I was full of curiosity to learn how he had come to meet with such dire misfortune "along o' the wah."

One day I happened to see him going by our hotel on foot. I hurried out into the street, without bonnet or shawl.

"Henkins," I gasped, "tell me how did you come to lose everything?"

He leaned for a moment against the fence and closed his eyes. I saw his Adam's-apple rise and fall in marked embarrassment. Proud, modest, diffident Henkins!

"Perhaps it was rude, my asking," I said; "but I am so anxious to know! I too lost by the war. Perhaps, too, I can aid you."

"Did you-un lose along o' the wah?" he asked, dazedly, as if dreaming.

"Yes."

"Ye didn't go an' lose everythin', did ye, marm? Every blessed thing y' had on earth to oncet? Come, now; I reck'n y' had sumpen left?"

His glance was so appealing that I felt that somehow here was one of those wrecks of humanity cast up by no common and ordinary wave of fate. I conjured up in my mind the nature of the awful calamity which had destroyed his family, his home, his all, at one fell blow. I could only think of one victim in the world's history who had met with a similar catastrophe. It occurred to me to ask him, "Can your name be Job?"

"Yes, 'm."

"But your real name?"

"Lost—lost along o' the wah."

Henkins turned and winked in the direction of the hotel. I saw him, and I said to myself, "Perhaps his wits too are lost on account of and 'along of the wah.'"

After a few more questions I saw that it was of no use to interrogate him further. Concerning his great calamity, Job Henkins was silent as the grave, and silenter, for a grave will have its head-stone, and will give us curious survivors a few dates. Those I asked seemed to know nothing of Job Henkins and his sad misfortunes. Few had ever heard his name. One old darky whom I met—a runner in a drug store—said, after scratching his head vainly, "I reckon dere was a Job Henkins who died afo' de wah fro' takin' too much arsenic instid o' sody, by mistake; dar ain't no odder Job in town, marm."

Going to the post-office, I inquired of a pert gum-chewing young miss, "Do *you* know of any Job Henkins?"

"No'p," she answered, chewing.

"Did you ever hear of him and his dreadful calamity?"

"No'p."

"Who would know—do you know?"

"No'p."

I besought my husband to find out, and he reported afterward that he had made numerous inquiries. "'There ain't no sich a person,'" he said, quoting; "and I am quite sure your 'Job Henkins' is as mythical a personage as 'Mrs. Harris.'"

"And you claim to be a lawyer, and to know everything!" I exclaimed, vexedly.

He only laughed.

We were in Norfolk partly for pleasure, but chiefly on business. My husband's connection with the Attorney-General's office at Washington led him to be sent to look into several matters of government business at the old Virginia seaport. The night we were about to take our departure a seedy gentleman of large portly habit, dressed in an ill-fitting, old-fashioned "swallow-tail" coat and white choker, and carrying in his hand a shiny, well-worn beaver hat, came up upon the piazza of our hotel, bowing profoundly, and from his expression of importance, evidently upon a mission of great purport.

Colonel Bloodgood not only retained the old-fashioned swallow-tail and the white choker and black stock of other days, but his manners also savored of ante-bellum times. He was exceedingly polite to me, bowing, first on one foot and then on the other, at least four times, hoping that madam was well, hoping that madam would pardon his little intrusion, hoping that madam did not mind a "cigyar" out-of-doors, hoping that madam would not disturb herself while he and her husband discussed a matter of business?

We had heard of the doughty colonel as a recent addition to the Norfolk bar. He had come down from a small interior Virginia village, where pettifogging had ceased to be profitable, to the seaport, where his burning eloquence, his flights of oratory, his impudence, his *ore rotundo* manner, had made him the delight and the butt of the town. We had been told of several practical jokes perpetrated upon him by his briefless associates—of a mock trial, in which he was gravely tried and found guilty of breach of promise; of a candidacy for justice of the peace—over which the town had hardly yet ceased laughing, and we were prepared to receive the colonel in a spirit of friendly interest.

My husband has come to expect that every Southern gentleman whom he meets will have some sort of a claim, good, bad, or indifferent, against the government, and arising in some way out of the late war. He betrayed no surprise, therefore, when Colonel Bloodgood, after a number of preliminary excursions concerning the weather, politics, and the attractive features of Norfolk, plunged *in medias res*, and stated that he wished to have a few plain words concerning certain important matters of public notoriety with the representative of "that government which is founded on justice, on right, and, as the Northern Seward had remarked, upon the 'higher law.'"

Colonel Bloodgood had set his broad-brimmed, well-worn beaver hat upon the floor beside his chair, and in it he placed his red bandanna. As he grew heated in conversation he reached down and groped for his handkerchief, and when he had found it, swashed it over his mighty forehead in a frenzy of oratory. His face was flabby, and as he talked his cheeks shook like jelly with the feeling and fervor he threw into his words. He wore a thin mustache and imperial; his hair was long, and he carried it with a great mountainous wave up over his high, dome-like forehead, and down behind his ears, until it almost reached his shoulders. At his waistcoat there hung a huge chain and seals, which occasionally he jangled between thumb and finger as he talked.

"I wish to express, sah, to you, representing the guv'ment as you do—"

Here my husband nervously denied all authority to speak for the government save in a very vague and general way.

"I want to say, sah, that coming as you do, sah, from that great centre of law and ordah, the seat of the guv'ment of the U-nited States, sah, and bein' connected with the equitable and legal powers of that guv'ment, sah, that your statement, sah, will have weight concerning matters and things. Yes, sah, weight!"

Again my husband uttered a feeble disclaimer.

A vast wave of Colonel Bloodgood's vast right arm. "Don't deny it, sah. And modesty is a virtue the which mightily becomes a maid, but rarely adds a flattering touch, sah, to man. As I was sayin', sah, of the claims which have been placed in my hands against the U-nited States, I will, with your permission, sah, and provided madam will not regyard my intrusion upon you at this time as entirely unwarranted—I will, sah, first speak of those claims arisin' out of an' by an' on account of the Federal throops, sah, at Nuff'lk, sah—"

My husband interrupted nervously. "I don't want to hear about them," he said. "I am sure I can't be of any service. Congress attends to them. Are there no claims of a different character requiring some judicial preliminary examination?"

A polite stare on part of the colonel. "It is your wish, then, yo' honah, to take up a different class of cases?"

My husband smiled at the slip which applied to him the judicial ermine and character, and nodded.

"Then, yo' honah, I will put one side the claims of several distinguished citizens who have empowered me to act for them in regyard to the occupation of Nuff'lk by the Federal throops, an' I will come at once to the case of the claim of Mr. Job Henkins, an eminent citizen, who lost, it may be said, his all, by, through, and on account of the neglect, carelessness, and harmful intention of the U-nited States guv'ment. Yes, sah!"

I pricked up my ears and leaned forward as I heard the name of Job Henkins mentioned. Was I not to learn now how it happened that the loss occurred?

Seeing me becoming interested, as well as several people at the hotel who drew near, Colonel Bloodgood sat back in his chair and squared himself, as it were, for a great effort. The Southern pettifogger is always ready prepared for a stump-speech. Wake him up at any time of the night, and he will open his mouth and address his "feller-citizens" upon almost any known topic. Colonel Bloodgood was no exception to the rule. Seeing several interested listeners gathered, he opened his mouth very wide, talked very loud, and looked fiercely at my husband and me, as if we were the government, and it was we who were interfering in the course of justice and truth and what not. Arranging his bandanna over his knee, he began:

"Yo' honah, Job Henkins, a worthy citizen of Nuff'lk, has come to me after every resource has failed—he has come to me, also a humble citizen, and indeed in this connection I may say that, however gratifying to myself may be my standing at the bah of this city, I ask for no higher honah and no greater reward than to be called in life and after the willow shall weep o'er my grave a humble citizen! [A pause for effect.] I say, yo' honah [my husband had now become a judge and the rest of us a jury to Colonel Bloodgood], he has come to me, has asked me to intercede for him with that guv'ment which pretends to echo the cry of justice and right from the tall sycamores of Virginia to the forest vales of the Sierra Nevadas! An' by all that is sacred, yo' honah, by the sacred fires of old Virginia, by the ashes of her dead sons, which lie scattered over her plains and valleys, and cry with continual outcry, 'Give us Jus-tice!' by the altar fires of our forefathers—"

"Well, what is the nature of Job Henkins's claim?" asked my husband, interrupting, and gazing at his watch.

A look of mute expostulation from the colonel.

"Job Henkins's claim, sah," he said, in a lower voice, as if coming to himself, and awakening out of some gorgeous day-dream of altar fires, forefathers, and ashes of Virginia's sons—"Job Henkins's claim against the guv'ment of the U-nited States, which has been placed in my hands for attention, rests upon all the principles of our glorious Constitution, an' upon all the fundamental statoots of our written law, an' upon all the princerpuls of that higher *un*written law which your Northern Seward—"

My husband gave a nervous gesture of impatience. "Have a cigar, colonel?" he said, handing him an open case, which the latter abstractedly closed and, to my husband's evident consternation and chagrin, placed in an inner pocket of his swallow-tail, and continued:

"—that higher law, higher than the Constitution, higher than the body of law in the books, yo' honah—upon the principles written *there*, an' *not* in the books, my client seeks for redress an' palliation. But let me state the fax." The colonel waved his bandanna and blew his nose.

"Shortly after the wah—it may have been a period of two years—Job Henkins, with his father an' mother, who supported him, moved into the grand old patriarchal State of Virginia from the State of North Carolina. They moved with one mule valued at seventy-five dollars, one set o' harness valued at ten dollars, one cook-stove valued at fifteen dollars, one bedstead wuth four dollars, an' a waggin wuth fifty dollars. They moved, we will say for the lot, two hundred dollars' wuth from the State of North Carolina into the grand old patriarchal State of Virginia, not to mention theirselves, the most valuable part of their load." A pause. "They was of good old North Carolina stock, an' it was a proud day, I reckon, for Virginia, an' a proud day for Nuff'lk, when, drawd along, yo' honah, by that mule wuth seventy-five dollars, they came over the hills an' down on these 'ere sands. I think I hear some one say they was po'! [No one *had* opened his head, but the colonel was an adept in oratorical effects.] Po'? Yes, they *was* po'! Po' in this world's goods, may fren, po' in all 'cept character, an' honesty, an' perseverance, an' hope, an' in all that which makes the citizen of old Virginia known an' respected the world over. Po'! Yes;—that mule didn't fetch over the mountain diamonds, bracelets, gold coin, silver, jewels. No; he fetched three splend' specimens of old North Carolina stock, in a waggin wuth, I say, about fifty dollars. That's what he fetched."

My husband arose and paced the piazza nervously.

"An' the sad feature of this case was it was all they had in the great, vast, awful world. For they had been sold out, yo' honah, by the sheriff. Think of it. Sold out of their old North Carolina home—a home where Job, supported by his parents, had lived as a b-o-o-y!" (Handkerchief. The colonel actually sobbed.) "So they came to Nuff'lk as a refuge—the old man, his wife—an estimable chawming lady—a lady, by Jove, who would have graced any s'iety—a father, sah, who would ha' been a noted purveyor of projuce in Nuff'lk had he lived, bein' as he was acquainted with agriculture in all its forms. I put their lives down j'intly an' separately as wuth to Job ten thousand dollars, yo' honah."

"One moment, Colonel Bloodgood. Were the parents also a part of the loss?"

"The main part, yo' honah, as you will see, being valued at over a hundred times the loss on the other articles. When Nehemiah Henkins, valued at $6000, an' Phillipina, valued at $4000, separately an' j'intly at $10,000, as aforesaid—mind you they *supported* Job—when they arrove in Nuff'lk they found it quite impossible to obtain a house, sah, so they were forced against their will to camp out, as it were, upon the old battle-ground over the hill by the forts—the spot, I reckon you will know, where the earthwuks were raised by the Confederate throops in '62, sah, about a mile from the pust-offis, sah.

"I wish to p'int out in my argymint they was on the spot, sah, by no intention of their own, but by accident alone, without their fault.

"While waitin' there—camping out, as one may reckon, an' hopin' for sumpen to turn up an' bring back the lost family honors and fortin—they made, sah, an hones' livin' by showin' the ole battle-groun' to visitors, an' p'intin' out the chief p'ints o' notoriety about the forts; an' Mrs. Henkins—a lady, by Jove, of most chawming manners, as I am informed, sah—Mrs. Henkins added to the family stipend by taking in a light washing.

"One day—let me hasten to the dire catastrophe—about ten o'clock in the morning; it may have been a Tuesday; no, it was a Friday—"

"Oh, no matter!" I exclaimed, impatiently, feeling that the colonel was at last about to reveal all that I so longed to hear.

With a graceful wave of his hand to me, the colonel resumed: "One day they discovered in the fields what may be termed an object of interest—an old bum-shell, sah; which, sah, we can prove, yo' honah, we air certain sure, sah, was fired by an' *out of a U-nited States gun-boat* with malice prepense, sah—yes, sah. An old, rusty, unbusted bum-shell, which had been 'riginally fired by the U-nited States guv'ment *at* the Confederate throops, sah, behind their earthwuks, an' *we air prepared with our proofs.* They diskivered this 'ere bum-shell at about 10 o'clock in the morning, sah. Mr. Hezikiah Henkins dug it out the groun', an' placed it inter his waggin at 10.30. At 12 M. they, the mule, the cook-stove, the tent—everythin' was in heaven! Everythin' but Job, who was off to a parade in Nuff'lk. An' this is how it happened:

"Hezikiah, proud as he was o' Job, longed, as a father will, to give his son more opportunity. He longed to give the lad money, but, alars! he had none to give. 'I carn't give ye dollars,' said Hezikiah, 'but I ken give ye advice, paternal affection, an' a comf't'ble home. I ken give ye 'nuff t' eat, an' ye ken live like a gentleman. I reckon, my son, as it 'll be a proud day fer your father when I see you-un a sittin' in the barroom o' the Nuff'lk hotel, yer feet up, an' you a-smokin' a cigyar like a gentleman. Yes, I ken do this for ye; no more!'

"But to return. Mr. Henkins seein' an opportunity for to sell the bum-shell, an' afford his son more pocket-money, he took the relic outen the waggin, an' set it in the oven o' the cook-stove fer to dry.

"'Twas on a Monday. Mrs. Henkins's washing was a-b'ilin' hard in the b'iler, an' the fire in the cook-stove was a surgin' an' a roarin', sah! The fiery element was shootin' up the stove-pipe, sah, an' comin' out at the top, sah. An' when Mr. Henkins he sot the bum-shell in the oven an' closed the door, he turned to his wife—an elegant lady, by Jove, as chawming as any lady in the land—he turned to her with a smile. Said he, 'Git that bum-shell cleaned up an' polished, an' the wet mud dried off, an' we kin sell it, an' Job kin have a leetle more money fer to make him more like a real gentleman, I reckon.'

"Now, then, here stood the mule an' waggin, wuth $125; here was the cook-stove, say $12; here was Hezikiah; an' here, a-washin' at her tub, stood Mrs. Henkins." The colonel drew on the floor before him an imaginary diagram. "Like lightnin' from a clare sky, like a tidal wave, like the fall o' the temple at Jerusalem when Samson hed hold o' the pillars, like a sudden earthquake, thet durned bum-shell fired by the U-nited States guv'ment bust! Yes, sah, the durned thing bust, sah. An' when the smoke clared away, where was the mule, an' the waggin, an' Hezikiah; an' where was that amiable mother, a moment before bendin' to her wash? By Jove, sah, they was all in heaven! Not an atom, an iota, a dot left! All gone, all perished—cook-stove an' all—all cleaned right off the face o' the earth, leavin' a bare spot behind. That's all." A solemn pause, and the colonel began, in a lower voice: "An' we ken prove that that bum-shell was throwed into that spot by the U-nited States with the intent to kill.

"When Job came home from the parade that day, what a sight met his gaze! There was nuthin' left; father, mother, mule, waggin, cook-stove, tent, fixin's—all gone to glory. An' by all the law an' the Constitution, to destroy a family in time of peace, without negligence on their part, is agin all rules of international law, sah. Imagine my client's feelin's to find his sole support taken out from under him in such a dern mean way by the guv'ment; to come home an' find he had lost everythin' dear to him on earth by a bum-shell! Not a bit o' property left. No. All destroyed by the wicked, cruel, uncalled-for act of the guv'ment in time of peace.

"The mule—his carcass was throw'd forty rods on to a neighborin' hill. Hezikiah—his hat was found down on the shore. Mis' Henkins—they couldn't find 'nuff o' her to make a decent funeril."

The colonel paused, wiped his forehead with his bandanna, drew his chair near to that of my husband, and whispered: "An' now we want you to give us damages"—(in a loud shout) "DAMAGES! Who can be found as has suffered more on account of the wah than po' Job Henkins? Ye carn't restore that mule; ye carn't give him new parints, I reckon; but ye *can* give him dollars. Ten thousand five hunderd dollars! That's our claim, an' we wait for our money."

It was a relief to have that great voice cease, and those great arms stop their gesticulations. So this was Job Henkins's claim.

Amid the ill-concealed laughter of the spectators the colonel bade us good-night and slowly took his departure, satisfied entirely with my husband's promise to see that the "government at Washington would look into it."

A moment later a legal friend of my husband's came up to us, and said, with a laugh: "So Colonel Bloodgood's been played another trick on, I reckon. The boys put up another job on the old man. There ain't no real fact about that there Job Henkins's claim. Why, the fellow's clean daft, an' he goes about whisperin'—you-uns must ha' heard him oft?—'I lost everythin'—everythin'—along o' the wah!' Why, the hull story is a lie fro' beginnin' to end. An' the boys they just fooled Colonel Bloodgood to his bent."

My husband turned to me and smiled.

J. S. W.

THE NORTH MEADOWS.

The Supplement of this issue of Harper's Weekly presents a large picture of that attractive portion of Central Park known as the North Meadows. It lies just above the sunken transverse road at Ninety-seventh Street. Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead says that its outline "may be likened to that of two irregular lobes connected by a crooked stem, the whole bordered by rocky ridges and plantations of from thirty to fifty years' growth." It comprises about nineteen acres of level and gently undulating land. Attention is especially attracted to it at present because the Site and Buildings Committee of the World's Fair of 1892 have included it in the section recommended by them for the location of the great Exposition. Its greensward and irregular boundaries of thrifty trees recall certain choice spots of English landscape, and it is agreeably free from the suggestion of the city, especially where its pastoral appearance is heightened by flocks of grazing sheep.

But, as is shown by the picture, the sheep come far from having the exclusive use of it. During the season just closing the Park managers have granted 1624 permits to lawn-tennis applicants, which have been taken advantage of by 12,992 individuals. No less than 3200 school picnics have been held on the grounds this year, participated in by 112,000 children. Some 1500 permits have been granted during the season to croquet players, and occasionally there are games of base-ball, lacrosse, and cricket on the Meadows. In winter permission is given for snow-shoe practice. Quoit throwers are also given access on request, and the users of bicycles and tricycles profit by the privilege of traversing the walks and paths of the locality. Requests, which are granted, come from students of botany desiring to pick up leaves, and add to their herbaria in whatever way. Photographers, amateur and otherwise, ask and receive leave to take views therein. Other parts of the Park are similarly used, but the above data refer to the North Meadows alone.

The permits are freely given to any apparently respectable parties on application, on the principle of first come, first served; but so far the demand for them has not been so great as to appreciably shut out those seeking them. The main visitation of the Park does not reach thus far north. Not far from the Meadows is the Casino, or café, on Mount St. Vincent, and beyond a short tract of rugged country lies the Harlem Meer, covering twelve and a half acres, which some members of the Site Committee have suggested might be drained to afford ground for Fair buildings. To the north and west of the Meadows are the smaller bodies of water known as the Loch and the Pool, and beyond these a region of comparative wilderness. There seems to be some doubt as to whether the latter is thus preserved for the sake of handing down to posterity a specimen of primitive country, or whether it remains unimproved simply because the Park managers have not had time yet to tame it. Uncertainty on this point clouds to some extent the sentimental part of the discussion that is going on with reference to the use of the locality for the Fair. Be that as it may, there is no question about the quiet and retired beauty of the North Meadows, or their value as a play and picnic ground to those who make use of them.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL IN CAMP.

The arrival of the mail in camp! Do you know what it is, dear sir—you who growl if your mail is an hour late, if your letters are not lying ready for your perusal alongside of your plate at your breakfast table, or on your desk at your comfortable office; or you, dear madame or mademoiselle, as the case may be, who, if the busy postman's shrill whistle is not heard at the usual hour, wonder why "they" don't stir somebody or something up so that your *billets-doux* may not be delayed—do you know what it is to be for weeks, sometimes months at a time, without news from your dear ones, cut off from all the comforts of home, leading a hard and dangerous life in the wilderness, as many a man bred among all the refinements and luxuries of a high civilization is obliged to do? The arrival of the mail! Do you realize what a world of meaning there is in that to those whose duties have taken them far away out into the mountains, or over the wide and desolate prairies, in the saddle all day, sleeping on the ground night after night, exposed to all kinds of weather, and to the ferocity of savage enemies, fording rivers, pushing through almost impenetrable jungles, or scrambling over almost impassable mountain ranges? How the heart of many a gallant fellow has leaped at the welcome announcement of the arrival in camp of the couriers with a mail, and with what eager yearning he has hurried over to the big fire by the commanding officer's tent, full of hope and fear, to receive his letters with their longed-for tidings from the far-away home!

Let us hope his news is good news. Perhaps his letter is from her for the sound of whose sweet voice he longs out there in the wilds, whose every hope and thought is bound up in him; perhaps from fond wife with words of love and endearment, and stories of innocent children's prattle about papa; perhaps from dear good old mother writing cheery gossip to her darling, so proud of her soldier boy, yearning so fondly for him. God pity him if the news be bad! That black-bordered letter, with the address on the envelope traced with trembling hand, warning of the sad lines within, may tell him of the loss forever of one dearly loved—a friend, a sister, perhaps (Heaven help him!) a wife. The blood surges to his heart with one strong rush as he reads the fatal words tenderly, lovingly conveying to him the dreadful story. The ground seems to rise about him, his head whirls, a dizziness nearly overcomes him. With white, hard-shut lips slowly he turns away from his comrades and the bright light of the fire, slowly he walks back to the solitude of his tent. He must be alone with his sorrow. Then the hot scalding tears rush to his eyes, blinding him, and throwing himself down on his hard bed on the ground, the strong man sobs out aloud in his agony.

UNWRITTEN POEMS.

Fairy spirits of the breeze—
Frailer nothing is than these.
Fancies, born we know not where—
In the heart or in the air:
Wandering echoes blown unsought
From far crystal peaks of thought:
Shadows, fading at the dawn,
Ghosts of feeling dead and gone:
Alas! Are all fair things that live
Still lovely and still fugitive?

William Winter.

A CHURCH'S HUNDRED YEARS.

An interesting religious centennial observance has occurred in the present week. On October 2d, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States assembled in St. George's Church, this city. The date marks the completion of the first hundred years of the Ecclesiastical Constitution of this religious body. On October 2, 1789, the final acts were done which completed the corporate union of all the Episcopal churches of all the States. The last signatures were affixed on that day in Philadelphia, the scene also of some other memorable signatures. The General Convention instituted by this instrument was modelled in large measure upon the Congress of the United States. The coincidence was not unnatural, seeing that many of the men who framed the instrument had been leaders in the national struggle for independence and union. More than half the signers of the Declaration were churchmen by associations or in practice. It therefore was not strange that in framing a constitution for a church they should have been as wise as they had been in framing one for a nation. Time in the one case no less than in the other has proved their wisdom.

The road to a permanent union of the Episcopal churches which existed in the various States at the close of the war was not an easy one. The independence of the various bodies, so far as England was concerned, had ensued on the success of the war. Religious independence was contemporary with political, and came in by its favor. No longer was the Archbishop of Canterbury the Primate for Americans; no longer did the Bishop of London include in his diocese the parishes contained in New England, New York, the Carolinas, and Virginia. The time had indeed arrived for a new and separate organization. There did not even exist a bishop in the New World.

It would be a complicated and extended story that should give a full account of the labors and expedients by which the many difficulties were at last surmounted. The facts in regard to the consecration of Bishop Seabury as the first American bishop is one phase of it; the consecration of Bishops White and Provoost, and the relations of these three consecrations to each other and to the American Church, constitute another. Moreover, the making of the constitution itself was not the work of a few weeks or a few months. An extensive correspondence at first was necessary before so much as a meeting for consultation could be brought about. When a meeting was at last held, it was only an informal one. Out of it, however, grew a formal convention, in which eight of the States were represented.

This meeting was held in New York in October, 1784, five years before the Ecclesiastical Constitution finally came into existence. It is customary to date the General Conventions from that meeting. But the meeting did not represent the entire country, and its acts, of course, were not done under an accepted general constitution. It was simply a preliminary body, called expressly to arrange preliminary things. Certain principles of church government, however, were adopted in this convention which have remained to this day as foundation-stones of the Episcopal Church organization in America.

For five years matters then drifted and waited. But in this time a constitution had been framed, and by most of the bishops and deputies it had been accepted. But in some of the States this was not the case. When, in 1789, a convention assembled in Philadelphia, it represented the Middle and Southern States only; but before it had adjourned, representatives of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire placed their names to the constitution, and thus was effected a final union of the churches of all the States. This act took place on October 2, 1789, and it is the centenary of that date which was observed in St. George's Church on Wednesday of this week.

General Conventions are held by the Episcopal Church once in three years. New York or Philadelphia has usually been the place of meeting, although Baltimore, Richmond, and New Haven have each been visited. In New York a General Convention now meets for the eleventh time. Trinity, St. John's, St. Paul's, and St. George's have been the churches used for the purpose. The General Convention, like Congress, consists of two houses, an upper and a lower, or the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. Sixty-five bishops now compose the House of Bishops, while the House of Deputies, composed, as it is, of four clerical and four lay delegates from each diocese, comprises a much larger body in this convention—more than four hundred members. Over the House of Bishops presides the bishop who has been longest in the episcopate; over the House of Deputies, whomever the house may itself elect. The powers of such a body, as may be inferred from its composition, are varied and supreme. It initiates changes in the Prayer-book and constitution, and can subsequently ratify them after they have been made known to each diocese. And so also of changes in the articles of the Episcopal faith. Enactments of the General Conventions become laws to which all the churches are subject. Among other matters with which the General Convention deals are the formation of new dioceses and the regulations that govern the organized charitable and other bodies of the Church.

With the growth of the Episcopal Church, the responsibilities of the General Convention in late years have very much increased. When it last met in this city its sittings extended from October 6th to October 27th. It is probable that this year at least a full month will be required to dispose of the work that will be laid before it. Obviously there is need for relief. Among those who have strongly advocated a practical method for securing it is Bishop Henry C. Potter, of the New York Diocese, whose portrait is given elsewhere. Bishop Potter understands better than most men the pressing need that exists. Until chosen Assistant Bishop of New York, in 1883, he had been for seventeen years the secretary of the House of Bishops. In that office he saw each year what the growth of responsibilities really must lead to. Bishop Potter is an advocate of what is known as a Federate Council.

In his annual address before the New York Diocesan Convention last week Bishop Potter discussed at length the necessity for a Federate Council. The plan is that the council shall be composed of the several dioceses of this and neighboring States. The results to be gained through such a body are stated as of two kinds: first, a relief from the present unwieldy nature of the General Convention, in consequence of which legislation is not so efficient as it should be; and second, a lessening of the powers now exercised by bishops to the grave disregard of the rights of the clergy and the people. Another point raised in regard to the General Convention was that it was clothed with no power to administer the laws which it makes. The idea of a Federate Council is not a new one, however. Steps for the formation of such a body for the dioceses of New York were taken as long ago as 1867; from time to time delegates have been elected, and in February of this year and last meetings were held. As to the wisdom of making this body permanent, diverse views were shown at these meetings, and Bishop Potter in his address last week gave an outline of them in rather pointed manner. It had been intimated, he said, that the Federate Council was "a species of Trojan horse, which, once admitted as a part of the organic life of individual dioceses, threatened to overrun them with foreign ideas and usurpations." He added that "a very general impression was created that its machinery was likely to be used to exalt a diocese already sufficiently sensible of its consequence to undue prominence and primacy."

Bishop Potter, so far as work goes, has virtually been the Bishop of New York since 1883, but he was not made the bishop in fact until the death of Bishop Horatio Potter, his uncle, in 1887. How great have become the labors of the office, may be seen from the statistics of a single year's work. Last year Bishop Potter delivered 263 sermons and addresses; he confirmed nearly 4500 persons, ordained 19 deacons and 14 priests, consecrated and dedicated 10 churches and parish houses, and laid one corner-stone.

FROM OWEN SOUND TO MACKINAC.

The great Northern waterway from Owen Sound to Mackinac Island, although much used by the Canadians, is comparatively unknown in the United States; but since the increased facilities offered by the Canadian Pacific Railroad in its larger and swifter boats, it deserves to be looked upon as a desirable outing. The point of departure, Owen Sound, is not, as most people imagine from their map knowledge, a bay on Lake Huron, but a large and flourishing town on the extreme southern portion of Georgian Bay, where the great iron ships of the Canadian Pacific Railroad are constructed, looking in every respect like large Clyde-built ocean steamers; indeed the owners are looking for a not far distant day when they can carry their cargoes unbroken from Superior to Liverpool.

On the arrival of the Toronto express, about 10 P.M., the good ship *Cambria* steams north, up Georgian Bay, and after a run of one hundred and thirty miles (by-the-way, very suggestive of going to sea, with its long green rollers and flocks of sea-gulls in the wake), she makes her first landing at Killarney—a village largely made up of fishing Chippewa and Huron Indians, with a strong dilution of poor white element. The scenery is supposed to resemble the lakes of that name, but it needs a very strong imagination to see any likeness. From this point on, all is smooth water. We sail west through the great north channel, passing on the way many of the computed thirty thousand islands that are scattered over the northern part of this vast lake—islands of all sorts and sizes, from the great Manitoulin, whose coast line is in view for over twenty-four hours, down to the size of a modest dining table—all more or less clothed alike with the everlasting spruce. Manitowaning is the next stopping-place, a noted trout-fishing point, and interesting from its close proximity to the Indian Reservation, with its Catholic village of Wiknemikong, where some curious old customs may be observed. Soon the great lumber point Little Current comes in view, followed by Kagawong and Gorè Bay, the judicial seat of the island of Manitoulin, then north to the main-land, touching at Spanish and Serpent rivers. Here the beautiful islands come thick and close, with many a ticklish channel; charmingly suggestive places for camping occur, but all seems silent and deserted. Following along the north shore, we touch at Blind River, Thessalon, and the old Bruce mines, one of the earliest workings of the north country, but now, alas! spread out in dismal ruin, not from any lack of metal, but from the impossibility of competing with the great mines of Superior.

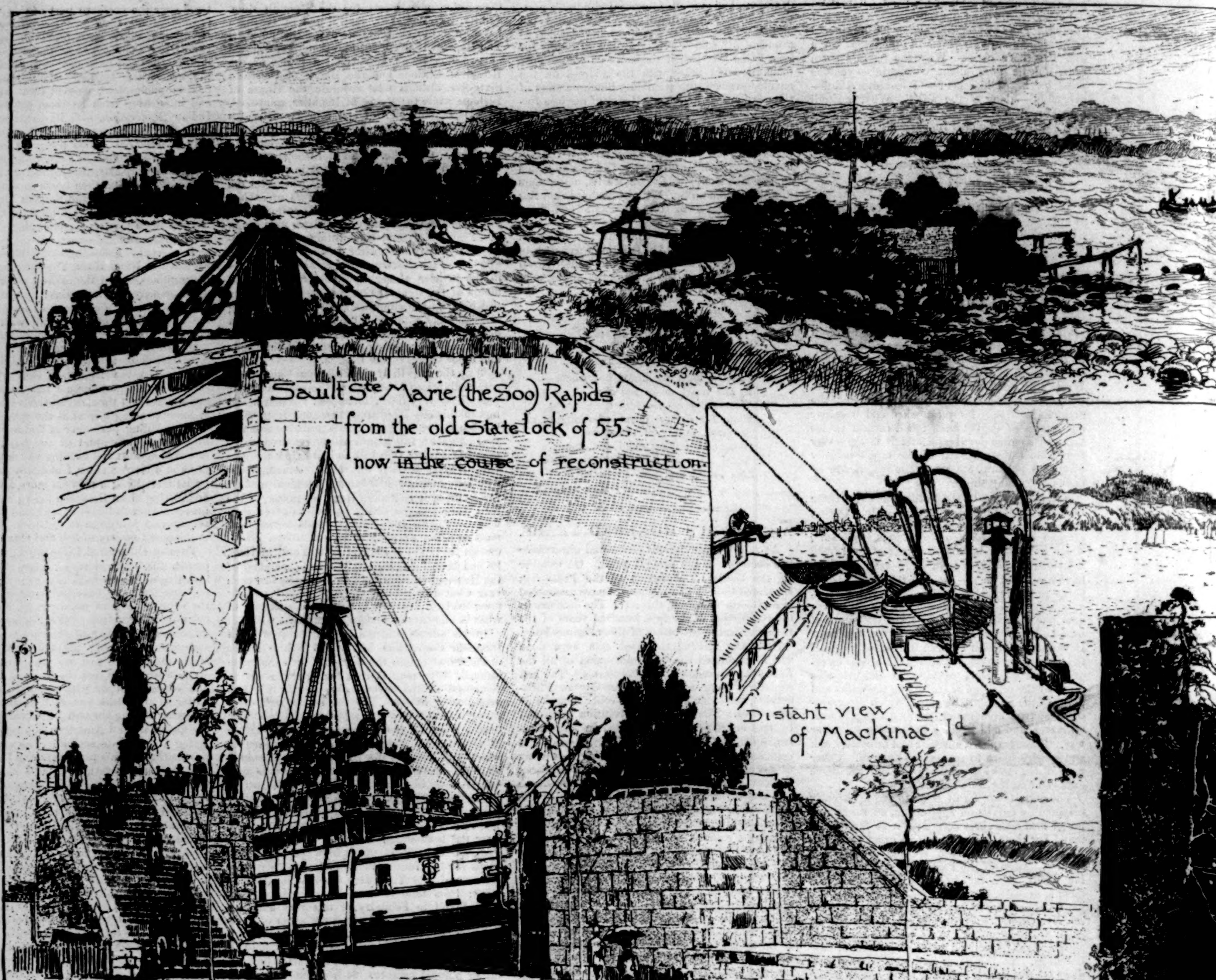
One of the most amusing features of the trip is furnished by the variety of freight and live-stock. Here is a frightened steer who needs a score of hands pulling on a line from his horns, and a fence rail thrust against his quarters, with as many pushing behind as the space will admit. This unwilling passenger is followed by a wild bleating of sheep, and on the bank above, silhouetted against the evening sky, are seen a negro and a black wether, frantically pulling in opposite directions; a moment more, and they come floundering down the steep bank; then a row of timorous sheep's heads appear, and slowly follow the fighting pair down to the dock. The freight is composed *mainly* of fish and small lumber.

Passing Hilson and Richard's Landing, we approach the pictured rocks, Camp Modena, Neebish Rapids, across Lake George to Garder River, perhaps the most beautiful stretch of water of the voyage, and now we are in St. Mary's River, on water fresh from Lake Superior. Vessels thicken, a sprinkling of pleasure yachts appear, and toward evening the spires of Sault Ste. Marie give notice that we are coming into the active world again, and the boom of the sundown gun from Fort Brady, with a glimpse of the down-flutter of the Stars and Stripes, announces the approach to the domain of Uncle Sam. Both the Canadian and American Soo seem to be enjoying a legitimate revival. The estimated improvements for this point from the United States and Canadian governments will amount to upward of eleven millions of dollars, to be expended on the United States ship-canal, the United States Hay Lake Channel, the Canadian ship-canal, water-power canal, and government docks; which, together with the new railway continuations east and west, look as though they were destined to become one of the principal railway and shipping centres of America, when an unbroken cargo can sail from Port Arthur or Duluth to Liverpool. Even now the boats in their short season carry a commerce greater than the Suez Canal for the year. And this, the largest lock in the world, is to be augmented by a far larger one now in course of construction. Certainly it is a striking contrast to the old portage road of '55, when everything had to be unloaded and dragged around the rapids.

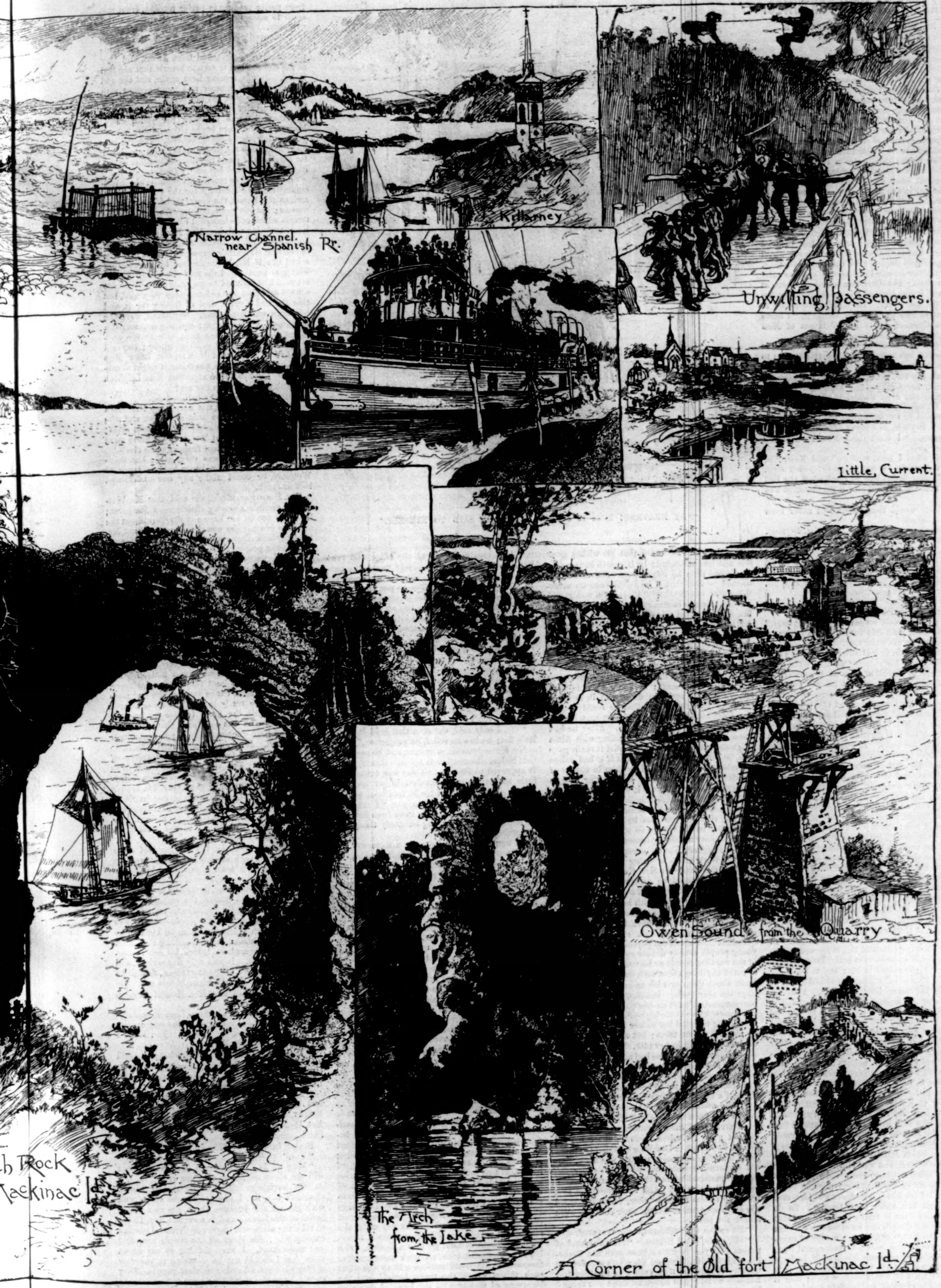
An intensely interesting point of observation is afforded by one of the great locks. The ever-moving crowd of shipping; in the foreground, the rushing, tumbling rapids, the Canadian islands, the Hudson Bay Company's trading post, the city of Soo, Ontario, and the distant mountains in the district of Algoma. A thing not to be missed is the shooting of the rapids.

After a glimpse of Lake Superior, we turn our head southward by Delow Passage, and skirt the northwestern end of Lake Huron, and after some fifteen hours' sail we sight the charming island of Mackinac, situated in the strait of that name. It is nine miles in circumference, containing 2221 acres, the larger part of which is devoted to a national park military reserve. Soon the old fort with its historical block-houses comes in view, and at its feet the numerous evidences of a fashionable watering-place. After stemming the tide of half a hundred vociferous hackmen—a deafening contrast to the miles of silent waterway we have so lately passed—turning a few yards to the right of the dock we find the steep ascent to old Fort George, built by the British in 1812. The block-house seen at the corner is earlier, having been built in 1780, also by the British; later it was called by the Americans Fort Holmes, in honor of Major Holmes, who was killed in an engagement on the island in 1814. The platform of the fort stands some 336 feet above the lake, and commands a magnificent view. We see around us the Strait of Mackinac; four miles to the southwest the northern peninsula of Michigan, Point St. Ignace; nearly in front of us, Mackinaw City; beyond, and to the right, the site of old Fort Michilimackinac (the early title applied by the French to a larger part of the upper peninsula of Michigan); and away along to the north, where the shore dips down to the horizon, the mouth of the Sault Ste. Marie River (called here the St. Mary's River), down which we came from the Soo. Any of the roads through the national park will bring us, after a variety of circuitous rambles, to the far-famed sights of the island—the Arch Rock, the Pyramid, Indian graves, and so forth; but here the warning whistle of our steamer compels us to turn our face dockward, and soon we are heading for Owen Sound again; and although we retrace our course, the remainder of the trip is apparently a new one, from the advantage afforded of seeing the points by daylight that we passed in the night on the westward trip. We have time to enjoy the glorious balsamic air and the clear depths of the mighty lake.

Harry Fenn.


Sault Ste Marie (the Soo) Rapids
from the old State lock of 55
now in the course of reconstruction.
Distant view of Mackinac Id
Passing through the New U.S. Lock
Looking towards Superior from the west end of Canal ("Soo").
Ruins of the Bruce copper Mines North shore of Huron.
89
Arch
Mac

FROM OWEN SOUND TO MACKINA


Killarney
Narrow Channel. near Spanish Rr.
Unwilling Passengers.
Little Current.
Owen Sound from the Quarry
h Rock
Mackinac Id.
The Arch from the Lake.
A Corner of the Old fort Mackinac Id.

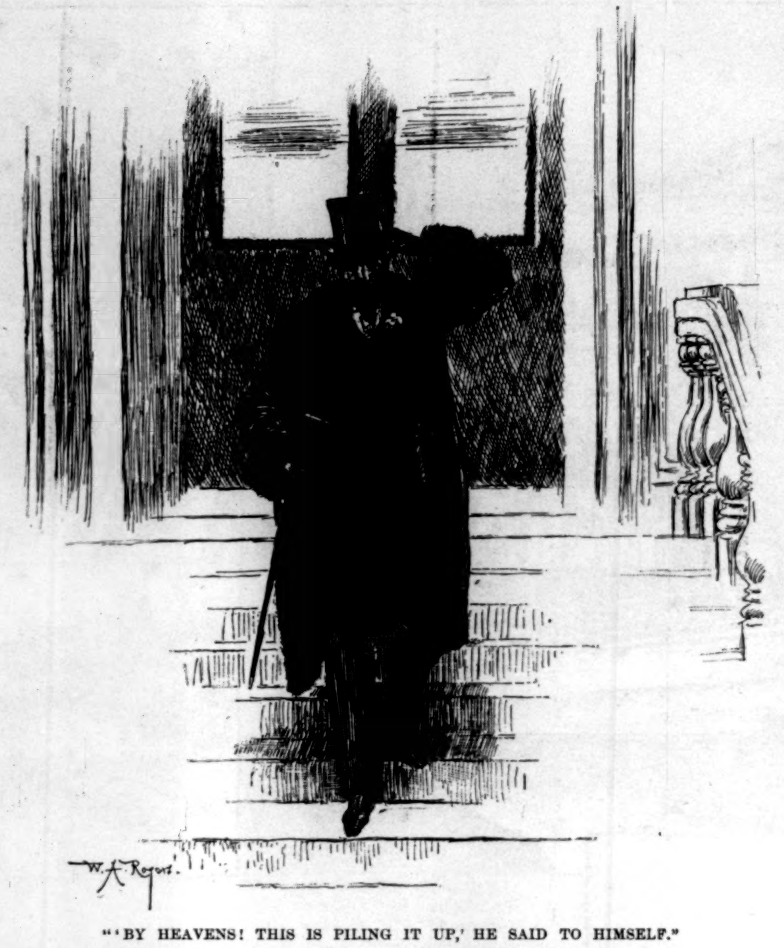
KINAC.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 795.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

II.



"'BY HEAVENS! THIS IS PILING IT UP,' HE SAID TO HIMSELF."

The winter did not renew for Christine and Mela the social opportunity which the spring had offered. After the *musicale* at Mrs. Horn's, they both made their party call, as Mela said, in due season; but they did not find Mrs. Horn at home, and neither she nor Miss Vance came to see them after people returned to town in the fall. They tried to believe for a time that Mrs. Horn had not got their cards; this pretence failed them, and they fell back upon their pride, or rather Christine's pride. Mela had little but her good-nature to avail her in any exigency, and if Mrs. Horn or Miss Vance had come to call after a year of neglect, she would have received them as amiably as if they had not lost a day in coming. But Christine had drawn a line, beyond which they would not have been forgiven; and she had planned the words and the behavior with which she would have punished them if they had appeared then. Neither sister imagined herself in anywise inferior to them; but Christine was suspicious, at least, and it was Mela who invented the hypothesis of the lost cards. As nothing happened to prove or to disprove the fact, she said, "I move we put Coonrod up to gittun' it out of Miss Vance, at some of their meetings."

"If you do," said Christine, "I'll kill you."

Christine, however, had the visits of Beaton to console her, and if these seemed to have no definite aim, she was willing to rest in the pleasure they gave her vanity; but Mela had nothing. Sometimes she even wished they were all back on the farm.

"It would be the best thing for both of you," said Mrs. Dryfoos, in answer to such a burst of desperation. "I don't think New York is any place for girls."

"Well, what I hate, mother," said Mela, "is, it don't seem to be any place for young men, either." She found this so good when she had said it that she laughed over it till Christine was angry.

"A body would think there had never been any joke before."

"I don't see as it's a joke," said Mrs. Dryfoos. "It's the plain truth."

"Oh, don't mind her, mother," said Mela. "She's put out because her old Mr. Beaton ha'n't been round for a couple o' weeks. If you don't watch out, that fellow 'll give you the slip, yit, Christine, after all your pains."

"Well, there ain't anybody to give *you* the slip, Mela," Christine clawed back.

"No; I ha'n't ever set my traps for anybody." This was what Mela said for want of a better retort; but it was not quite true. When Kendricks came with Beaton to call after her father's dinner, she used all her cunning to insnare him, and she had him to herself as long as Beaton staid; Dryfoos sent down word that he was not very well, and had gone to bed. The novelty of Mela had worn off for Kendricks, and she found him, as she frankly told him, not half as entertaining as he was at Mrs. Horn's; but she did her best with him as the only flirtable material which had yet come to her hand. It would have been her ideal to have the young men stay till past midnight, and her father come down-stairs in his stocking-feet, and tell them it was time to go. But they made a visit of decorous brevity, and Kendricks did not come again. She met him afterward, once, as she was crossing the pavement in Union Square, to get into her coupé, and made the most of him; but it was necessarily very little, and so he passed out of her life without having left any trace in her heart, though Mela had a heart that she would have put at the disposition of almost any young man that wanted it. Kendricks himself, Manhattan cockney as he was, with scarcely more outlook into the average American nature than if he had been kept a prisoner in New York society all his days, perceived a property in her which forbade him as a man of conscience to trifle with her; something earthly good and kind, if it was simple and vulgar. In revising his impressions of her, it seemed to him that she would come even to better literary effect if this were recognized in her; and it made her sacred, in spite of her willingness to fool and to be fooled, in her merely human quality. After all, he saw that she wished honestly to love and to be loved, and the lures she threw out to that end seemed to him pathetic rather than ridiculous; he could not join Beaton in laughing at her; and he did not like Beaton's laughing at the other girl, either. It seemed to Kendricks, with the code of honor which he mostly kept to himself because he was a little ashamed to find there were so few others like it, that if Beaton cared nothing for the other girl—and Christine appeared simply detestable to Kendricks—he had better keep away from her, and not give her the impression he was in love with her. He rather fancied that this was the part of a gentleman, and he could not have penetrated to that æsthetic and moral complexity which formed the consciousness of a nature like Beaton, and was chiefly a torment to itself; he could not have conceived of the wayward impulses indulged at every moment in little things, till the straight highway was traversed and wellnigh lost under their tangle. To do whatever one likes is finally to do nothing that one likes, even though one continues to do what one will; but Kendricks, though a sage of twenty-seven, was still too young to understand this.

Beaton scarcely understood it himself, perhaps because he was not yet twenty-seven. He only knew that his will was somehow sick; that it spent itself in caprices, and brought him no happiness from the fulfilment of the most vehement wish. But he was aware that his wishes grew less and less vehement; he began to have a fear that some time he might have none at all. It seemed to him that if he could once do something that was thoroughly distasteful to himself, he might make a beginning in the right direction; but when he tried this on a small scale it failed, and it seemed stupid. Some sort of expiation was the thing he needed, he was sure; but he could not think of anything in particular to expiate; a man could not expiate his temperament, and his temperament was what Beaton decided to be at fault. He perceived that it went deeper than even fate would have gone; he could have fulfilled an evil destiny and had done with it, however terrible. His trouble was that he could not escape from himself; and for the most part, he justified himself in refusing to try. After he had come to that distinct understanding with Alma Leighton, and experienced the relief it really gave him, he thought for a while that if it had fallen out otherwise, and she had put him in charge of her destiny, he might have been better able to manage his own. But as it was, he could only drift, and let all other things take their course. It was necessary that he should go to see her afterward, to show her that he was equal to the event; but he did not go so often, and he went rather oftener to the Dryfooses; it was not easy to see Margaret Vance, except on the society terms. With much sneering and scorning, he fulfilled the duties to Mrs. Horn without which he knew he should be dropped from her list; but one might go to many of her Thursdays without getting many words with her niece. Beaton hardly knew whether he wanted many; the girl kept the charm of her innocent stylishness; but latterly she wanted to talk more about social questions than about the psychical problems that young people usually debate so personally. Son of the working-people as he was, Beaton had never cared anything about such matters; he did not know about them or wish to know; he was perhaps too near them. Besides, there was an embarrassment, at least on her part, concerning the Dryfooses. She was too high-minded to blame him for having tempted her to her failure with them by his talk about them; but she was conscious of avoiding them in her talk. She had decided not to renew the effort she had made in the spring, because she could not do them good as fellow-creatures needing food and warmth and work, and she would not try to befriend them socially; she had a horror of any such futile sentimentality. She would have liked to account to Beaton in this way for a course which she suspected he must have heard their comments upon, but she did not quite know how to do it; she could not be sure how much or how little he cared for them. Some tentative approaches which she made toward explanation were met with such eager disclaim of personal interest that she knew less than before what to think; and she turned the talk from the sisters to the brother, whom it seemed she still continued to meet in their common work among the poor.

"He seems very different," she ventured.

"Oh, quite," said Beaton. "He's the kind of person that you might suppose gave the Catholics a hint for the cloistral life; he's a cloistered nature—the nature that atones and suffers for. But he's awfully dull company, don't you think? I never can get anything out of him."

"He's very much in earnest."

"Remorselessly. We've got a profane and mundane creature there at the office who runs us all, and it's shocking merely to see the contact of the two natures. When Fulkerson gets to joking Dryfoos—he likes to put his joke in the form of a pretence that Dryfoos is actuated by a selfish motive, that he has an eye to office, and is working up a political interest for himself on the East side—it's something inexpressible."

"I should think so," said Miss Vance, with such lofty disapproval that Beaton felt himself included in it for having merely told what caused it.

He could not help saying, in natural rebellion, "Well, the man of one idea is always a little ridiculous."

"When his idea is right?" she demanded. "A right idea can't be ridiculous."

"Oh, I only said, the man that held it alone. He's flat; he has no relief, no projection."

She seemed unable to answer, and he perceived that he had silenced her to his own disadvantage. It appeared to Beaton that she was becoming a little too exacting for comfort in her idealism. He put down the cup of tea he had been tasting, and said, in his solemn staccato, "I must go. Good-by!" and got instantly away from her, with an effect he had of having suddenly thought of something imperative.

He went up to Mrs. Horn for a moment's hail and farewell, and felt himself subtly detained by her through fugitive passages of conversation with half a dozen other people. He fancied that at crises of this strange interview Mrs. Horn was about to become confidential with him, and confidential, of all things, about her niece. She ended by not having palpably been so. In fact, the concern in her mind would have been difficult to impart to a young man, and after several experiments Mrs. Horn found it impossible to say that she wished Margaret could somehow be interested in lower things than those which occupied her. She had watched with growing anxiety the girl's tendency to various kinds of self-devotion. She had dark hours in which she even feared her entire withdrawal from the world in a life of good works. Before now, girls had entered the Protestant sisterhoods, which appeal so potently to the young and generous imagination, and Margaret was of just the temperament to be influenced by them. During the past summer she had been unhappy at her separation from the cares that had engrossed her more and more as their stay in the city drew to an end in the spring, and she had hurried her aunt back to town earlier in the fall than she would have chosen to come. Margaret had her correspondents among the working-women whom she befriended. Mrs. Horn was at one time alarmed to find that Margaret was actually promoting a strike of the button-hole workers. This, of course, had its ludicrous side, in connection with a young lady in good society, and a person of even so little humor as Mrs. Horn could not help seeing it. At the same time she could not help foreboding the worst from it; she was afraid that Margaret's health would give way under the strain, and that if she did not go into a sisterhood she would at least go into a decline. She began the winter with all such counteractive measures as she could employ. At an age when such things weary, she threw herself into the pleasures of society with the hope of dragging Margaret after her; and a sympathetic witness must have followed with compassion her course from ball to ball, from reception to reception, from parlor reading to parlor reading, from *musicale* to *musicale*, from play to play, from opera to opera. She tasted, after she had practically renounced them, the bitter and the insipid flavors of fashionable amusement, in the hope that Margaret might find them sweet, and now at the end she had to own to herself that she had failed. It was coming Lent again, and the girl had only grown thinner and more serious with the diversions that did not divert her from the baleful works of beneficence on which Mrs. Horn felt that she was throwing her youth away. Margaret could have borne either alone, but together they were wearing her out. She felt it a duty to undergo the pleasures her aunt appointed for her, but she could not forego the other duties in which she found her only pleasure.

She kept up her music still because she could employ it at the meetings for the entertainment, and, as she hoped, the elevation of her working-women; but she neglected the other æsthetic interests which once occupied her; and at sight of Beaton talking with her, Mrs. Horn caught at the hope that he might somehow be turned to account in reviving Margaret's former interest in art. She asked him if Mr. Wetmore had his classes that winter as usual; and she said she wished Margaret could be induced to go again: Mr. Wetmore always said that she did not draw very well, but that she had a great deal of feeling for it, and her work was interesting. She asked, were the Leightons in town again; and she murmured a regret that she had not been able to see anything of them, without explaining why; she said she had a fancy that if Margaret knew Miss Leighton, and what she was doing, it might stimulate her, perhaps. She supposed Miss Leighton was still going on with her art?

Beaton said Oh yes, he believed so.

But his manner did not encourage Mrs. Horn to pursue her aims in that direction, and she said, with a sigh, she wished *he* still had a class; she always fancied that Margaret got more good from his instruction than from any one else's.

He said that she was very good; but there was really nobody who knew half as much as Wetmore, or could make any one understand half as much.

Mrs. Horn was afraid, she said, that Mr. Wetmore's terrible sincerity discouraged Margaret; he would not let her have any illusions about the outcome of what she was doing; and did not Mr. Beaton think that some illusion was necessary with young people? Of course it was very nice of Mr. Wetmore to be so honest, but it did not always seem to be the wisest thing. She begged Mr. Beaton to try to think of some one who would be a little less severe. Her tone assumed a deeper interest in the people who were coming up and going away, and Beaton perceived that he was dismissed.

He went away with vanity flattered by the sense of having been appealed to concerning Margaret, and then he began to chafe at what she had said of Wetmore's honesty, apropos of her wish that he still had a class himself. Did she mean, confound her! that *he* was insincere, and would let Miss Vance suppose she had more talent than she really had? The more Beaton thought of this, the more furious he became, and the more he was convinced that something like it had been unconsciously if not consciously in her mind. He framed some keen retorts, to the general effect that with the atmosphere of illusion preserved so completely at home, Miss Vance hardly needed it in her art studies. Having just determined never to go near Mrs. Horn's Thursdays again, he decided to go once more, in order to plant this sting in her capacious but somewhat callous bosom; and he planned how he would lead the talk up to the point from which he should launch it.

In the mean time he felt the need of some present solace, such as only unqualified worship could give him; a cruel wish to feel his power in some direction where, even if it were resisted, it could not be overcome, drove him on. That a woman who was to Beaton the embodiment of artificiality should intimate, however innocently—the innocence made it all the worse—that he was less honest than Wetmore, whom he knew to be so much more honest, was something that must be retaliated somewhere before his self-respect could be restored. It was only five o'clock, and he went on uptown to the Dryfooses', though he had been there only the night before last. He asked for the ladies, and Mrs. Mandel received him.

"The young ladies are down-town shopping," she said, "but I am very glad of the opportunity of seeing you alone, Mr. Beaton. You know I lived several years in Europe."

"Yes," said Beaton, wondering what that could have to do with her pleasure in seeing him alone. "I believe so?" He involuntarily gave his words the questioning inflection.

"You have lived abroad, too, and so you won't find what I am going to ask so strange. Mr. Beaton, why do you come so much to this house?" Mrs. Mandel bent forward with an aspect of lady-like interest, and smiled.

Beaton frowned. "Why do I come so much?"

"Yes."

"Why do I— Excuse me, Mrs. Mandel, but will you allow me to ask why you ask?"

"Oh, certainly. There's no reason why I shouldn't say, for I wish you to be very frank with me. I ask because there are two young ladies in this house; and, in a certain way, I have to take the place of a mother to them. I needn't explain why; you know all the people here, and you understand. I have nothing to say about them, but I should not be speaking to you now if they were not all rather helpless people. They do not know the world they have come to live in here, and they cannot help themselves nor one another. But you do know it, Mr. Beaton, and I am sure you know just how much or how little you mean by coming here. You are either interested in one of these young girls or you are not. If you are, I have nothing more to say. If you are not—" Mrs. Mandel continued to smile, but the smile had grown more perfunctory, and it had an icy gleam.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Beaton looked at her with surprise that he gravely kept to himself. He had always regarded her as a social nullity, with a kind of pity, to be sure, as a civilized person living among such people as the Dryfooses, but not without a humorous contempt; he had thought of her as Mandel, and sometimes as old Mandel, though she was not half a score of years his senior, and was still well on the sunny side of forty. He reddened, and then turned an angry pallor. "Excuse me again, Mrs. Mandel. Do you ask this from the young ladies?"

"Certainly not," she said, with the best temper, and with something in her tone that convicted Beaton of vulgarity in putting his question of her authority in the form of a sneer. "As I have suggested, they would hardly know how to help themselves at all in such a matter. I have no objection to saying that I ask it from the father of the young ladies. Of course, in and for myself I should have no right to know anything about your affairs. I assure you the duty of knowing isn't very pleasant." The little tremor in her clear voice struck Beaton as something rather nice.

"I can very well believe that, Mrs. Mandel," he said, with a dreamy sadness in his own. He lifted his eyes, and looked into hers. "If I told you that I cared nothing about them in the way you intimate?"

"Then I should prefer to let you characterize your own conduct in continuing to come here for the year past, as you have done, and tacitly leading them on to infer differently." They both mechanically kept up the fiction of plurality in speaking of Christine, but there was no doubt in the mind of either which of the young ladies the other meant.

A good many thoughts went through Beaton's mind, and none of them were flattering. He had not been unconscious that the part he had played toward this girl was ignoble, and that it had grown meaner as the fancy which her beauty had at first kindled in him had grown cooler. He was aware that of late he had been amusing himself with her passion in a way that was not less than cruel, not because he wished to do so, but because he was listless and wished nothing. He rose in saying, "I might be a little more lenient than you think, Mrs. Mandel; but I won't trouble you with any palliating theory. I will not come any more."

He bowed, and Mrs. Mandel said, "Of course, it's only your action that I am concerned with."

She seemed to him merely triumphant, and he could not conceive what it had cost her to nerve herself up to her too easy victory. He left Mrs. Mandel to a far harder lot than had fallen to him, and he went away hating her as an enemy who had humiliated him at a moment when he particularly needed exalting. It was really very simple for him to stop going to see Christine Dryfoos, but it was not at all simple for Mrs. Mandel to deal with the consequences of his not coming. He only thought how lightly she had stopped him, and the poor woman whom he had left trembling for what she had been obliged to do embodied for him the conscience that accused him of unpleasant things.

"By heavens! this is piling it up," he said to himself through his set teeth, realizing how it had happened right on top of that stupid insult from Mrs. Horn. Now he should have to give up his place on *Every Other Week;* he could not keep that, under the circumstances, even if some pretence were not made to get rid of him; he must hurry and anticipate any such pretence; he must see Fulkerson at once; he wondered where he should find him at that hour. He thought, with bitterness so real that it gave him a kind of tragical satisfaction, how certainly he could find him a little later at Mrs. Leighton's; and Fulkerson's happiness became an added injury.

The thing had of course come about just at the wrong time. There never had been a time when Beaton needed money more; when he had spent what he had and what he expected to have so recklessly. He was in debt to Fulkerson personally and officially for advance payments of salary. The thought of sending money home made him break into a scoffing laugh, which he turned into a cough in order to deceive the passers. What sort of face should he go to Fulkerson with and tell him that he renounced his employment on *Every Other Week;* and what should he do when he had renounced it? Take pupils, perhaps; open a class? A lurid conception of a class conducted on those principles of shameless flattery at which Mrs. Horn had hinted—he believed now she had meant to insult him—presented itself. Why should not he act upon the suggestion? He thought—with loathing for the whole race of women-dabblers in art—how easy the thing would be: as easy as to turn back now and tell that old fool's girl that he loved her, and rake in half his millions. Why should not he do that? No one else cared for him; and at a year's end, probably, one woman would be like another as far as the love was concerned, and probably he should not be more tired if the woman were Christine Dryfoos than if she were Margaret Vance. He kept Alma Leighton out of the question, because at the bottom of his heart he believed that she must be forever unlike every other woman to him.

The tide of his confused and aimless reverie had carried him far down-town, he thought; but when he looked up from it to see where he was, he found himself on Sixth Avenue, only a little below Thirty-ninth Street, very hot and blown; that idiotic fur overcoat was stifling. He could not possibly walk down to Eleventh; he did not want to walk even to the Elevated station at Thirty-fourth; he stopped at the corner to wait for a surface-car, and fell again into his bitter fancies. After a while he roused himself and looked up the track, but there was no car coming. He found himself beside a policeman, who was lazily swinging his club by its thong from his wrist.

"When do you suppose a car will be along?" he asked, rather in a general sarcasm of the absence of the cars than in any special belief that the policeman could tell him.

The policeman waited to discharge his tobacco juice into the gutter. "In about a week," he said, nonchalantly.

"What's the matter?" asked Beaton, wondering what the joke could be.

"Strike," said the policeman. His interest in Beaton's ignorance seemed to overcome his contempt of it. "Knocked off everywhere this morning except Third Avenue and one or two cross-town lines." He spat again and kept his bulk at its incline over the gutter to glance at a group of men on the corner below. They were neatly dressed, and looked like something better than workingmen, and they had a holiday air of being in their best clothes.

"Some of the strikers?" asked Beaton.

The policeman nodded.

"Any trouble yet?"

"There won't be any trouble till we begin to move the cars," said the policeman.

Beaton felt a sudden turn of his rage toward the men whose action would now force him to walk five blocks and mount the stairs of the Elevated station. "If you'd take out eight or ten of those fellows," he said, ferociously, "and set them up against a wall and shoot them, you'd save a great deal of bother."

"I guess we sha'n't have to shoot much," said the policeman, still swinging his locust. "Anyway, we sha'n't begin it. If it comes to a fight, though," he said, with a look at the men under the scooping rim of his helmet, "we can drive the whole six thousand of 'em into the East River without pullin' a trigger."

"Are there six thousand in it?"

"About."

"What do the infernal fools expect to live on?"

"The interest of their money, I suppose," said the officer, with a grin of satisfaction in his irony. "It's got to run its course. Then they'll come back with their heads tied up and their tails between their legs, and plead to be taken on again."

"If I was a manager of the roads," said Beaton, thinking of how much he was already inconvenienced by the strike, and obscurely connecting it as one of the series with the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of Mrs. Horn and Mrs. Mandel, "I would see them starve before I'd take them back—every one of them."

"Well," said the policeman, impartially, as a man might whom the companies allowed to ride free, but who had made friends with a good many drivers and conductors in the course of his free riding, "I guess that's what the roads would like to do if they could; but the men are too many for them, and there ain't enough other men to take their places."

"No matter," said Beaton, severely. "They can bring in men from other places."

"Oh, they'll do that fast enough," said the policeman.

A man came out of the saloon on the corner where the strikers were standing, noisy drunk, and they began, as they would have said, to have some fun with him. The policeman left Beaton, and sauntered slowly down toward the group as if in the natural course of an afternoon ramble. On the other side of the street Beaton could see another officer sauntering up from the block below. Looking up and down the avenue, so silent of its horse-car bells, he saw a policeman at every corner. It was rather impressive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILKIE COLLINS.

THE death of Wilkie Collins in London on September 23d removes from the company of active novelists one of the oldest and most widely read. His career to a large extent was contemporary with the careers of Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, and George Eliot. Born, as he was, in 1824, when Thackeray was only thirteen years old, Dickens only twelve, and Charles Reade only ten, he has survived Dickens by nineteen years, and Thackeray by twenty-five. Mr. Collins's literary activity extended over a period of forty-one years, or from 1848, when he published a life of his father, William Collins, the artist, down almost to the month of his death, when he was seeing through the pages of the *Illustrated London News* his story of "Blind Love." Wilkie Collins was one of the most industrious of modern novelists. The regrets awakened by his death must extend throughout many lands and peoples. He was not only read widely in England, America, and Australia, but he was well known in France, Italy, Russia, and Germany. So long ago as the date of his *No Name* (1862), his stories had been translated, read, and admired in the languages of those countries.

Mr. Collins was reared in the midst of artistic associations. Besides having an artist for his father, he was indebted to another for his Christian name, while a sister of his mother was Mrs. Carpenter, the painter of portraits. And yet it does not appear that the boy's relatives ever had a purpose to devote him to one of the Muses, artistic or literary. They sent him for a time to a school at Highbury, and again to a school on the Continent. French and Italian he acquired in his youth, and was able to speak as well as write them. Among his school-mates in England he was a source of jealousy on this account, and they persecuted him as a foreigner. His only means of relief from this treatment is said to have been an alliance with the strongest boy in the school, who engaged to punish those who assailed him on condition Collins should tell him entertaining stories. Thus, in the school of early adversity, were first stimulated the talents of the future novelist.

Possibly it was a conviction on his parents' part that neither art nor literature could afford their son a road to affluence that led them to select for him a commercial life. They articled him for four years, as soon as he had left school, to a London house engaged in the tea trade, and doubtless pictured to themselves the time when he should become a prosperous merchant. But in commercial life the boy gave no promises of success; it was distinctly seen to be not his *forte*. He was then placed in a lawyer's office, where he remained until his father's death in 1847. Wilkie Collins was then twenty-three years old. A year later he produced his first work in literature—the biography of his father. This publication comprised two volumes, and contained selections from his father's correspondence.

Whatever were the merits of the performance, Mr. Collins, after that first taste of the charm of literary labors, speedily fixed upon something for his vocation more congenial to his taste and talents than the drudgery of a clerk's life in a London law office. Two years later he appeared before the public as a novelist with his *Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome.* That success should have attended him at a time when Dickens was in the flood-tide of his fame, and when Thackeray had just published his *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, speaks more than anything else can for the powers that lay in him. Surely it was a fair inference that this man would be heard from again.

It was singular that the year in which *Antonina* appeared should be the year in which Dickens started his *Household Words*, for with *Household Words* and its successor, *All the Year Round*, the fame of Collins, like the fame of Dickens, will long be associated. It must always stand for a mark of Dickens's judgment, no less than of his professional generosity, that he early saw and employed the talents of the younger writer. *Basil* and *Hide and Seek* followed *Antonina*. The latter of these two books found for the author a new admirer in Macaulay. Dickens was more than ever impressed, and he asked Mr. Collins to become his contributor. Accordingly *The Dead Secret* made its appearance in Dickens's periodical, as did other stories of his back in the fifties, the most memorable of them all being *The Woman in White*, in 1859. *After Dark* and *The Queen of Hearts* belong also to this period.

The reputation they made for him in England spread rapidly to America and the Continent, until his readers could be found in almost every civilized country. Following his *No Name*, of 1862, came, in 1866, his *Armadale;* in 1868, *The Moonstone;* in 1870, *Man and Wife;* in 1872, *Poor Miss Finch;* in 1873, *The New Magdalen;* in 1875, *The Law and the Lady* and *Alice Warlock;* and in 1886, *The Evil Genius* and *The Guilty River*. These comprise the better known of Mr. Collins's works. Most of them, along with a few shorter works, compose the Harper Illustrated Library edition in seventeen volumes, other works of his being issued in other form.

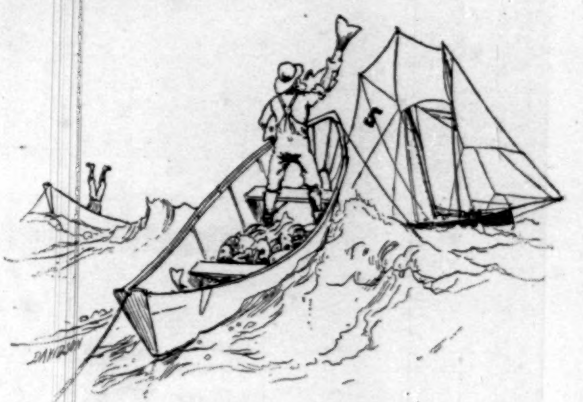
None of these novels is better known than *The Woman in White*, none made a more profound impression at the time, none is still so vividly remembered by all who read it. In the character of Count Fosco Mr. Collins made a distinct addition to the world's stock of famous creations in fiction. Already it has lived for thirty years, and another generation of fame at least seems to be assured for it. Mr. Collins has said that he chose a foreigner for this character because the crime was "too ingenious for an English villain." Mr. Collins's villains were not of the coarse and stalwart type. He knew how to draw a villain who could seem a gentleman and often pass for one, who could appear well in a drawing-room, and seem at home astride a horse in Rotten Row. For readers who liked him best, he painted the life of a world which they had seen, which they understood and were parts of. But it was in his plots that he most excelled. For this part of the novelist's endowments he had an astonishing faculty. The powerful interest of his novels always lay in the mystery that was continued to the end of them, and in the art by which the reader's attention was held fixed and curious through the succeeding chapters. Some of the qualities in which the greatest novelists have excelled, and which Wilkie Collins distinctly lacked, need not be enumerated here; it is enough that he possessed a genius for plots and ingenious mysteries in which few writers of any age have surpassed, if, indeed, they have equalled him.

Mr. Collins's visit to this country in the winter of 1873–74 will be remembered by thousands who heard him read two of his shorter stories, *The Frozen Deep* and *The Dream Woman.* It was a visit that gratified him greatly. Personal letters to his publishers, which are still preserved by them, bear excellent and unmistakable witness to this. One dated from Buffalo, to which city he had proceeded from New England by way of Montreal and Toronto, contains the following: "Wherever I go I meet with the same kindness and the same enthusiasm. I really want words to express my grateful sense of my reception in America. It is not only more than I have deserved, it is more than any man could have deserved. I have never met with such a cordial and such a generous people as the people of the United States. Let me add that I thrive on this kindness. I keep wonderfully well."

Mr. Collins was a man of small stature, stooping somewhat in the shoulders, but with large eyes and a round, genial face, framed in by heavy hair and beard, that in late years were almost white. He leaves few relatives; neither wife nor child is among them. He died in the presence only of his physician and a house-keeper, who had been in his service for thirty years. His physician was Dr. Carr Beard, now an old man, and in his time an intimate friend of Dickens. He is one of Mr. Collins's executors.

Mr. Collins's career illustrates once more the truth that genius, once a man actually has it, will find its way. If genius for any one thing is in him, it must come out of him. Born to be a novelist, he cannot be made a merchant, and there is in him no future lawyer. A novelist he will be. The singleness of purpose with which Wilkie Collins's whole life was consecrated to novel-writing re-enforces the truth of this statement. No other objects claimed his devotions. He took to himself the warning of Lord Bacon: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." He accepted as his supreme obligation duty to his art.

FRANCIS W. HALSEY.



THE "HESPER"-"FREDONIA" RACE.

THE pilot-boat *Hesper*, No. 5, of Boston, is a beautiful craft, fleet, stanch, undoubtedly the speediest of her class. Built by Lawlor of Boston, she has been the winner of so many brushes with fishing schooners and yachts as to warrant her friends naming her the "Queen of the Coast." So many successes, however, emboldened her gallant crew to fly at game beyond her class, and a match was arranged with the owner of the *Fredonia*, a fishing schooner yacht, one of those strange creations of Mr. Edward Burgess, of *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Volunteer* fame, who delighted the hearts of the fishermen by promising a boat that could not only catch fish, hold a big cargo of them, get them into port betimes, but be a good boat to live in also.

A match was speedily arranged for $3000 a side, the essentials to be a triangular forty-five mile course and an eight-knot breeze, balloon-sails barred. The race came off on September 26th, amid enough wind, rain, mist, and sea to please the most critical sea-dog, and a most surprising one it was. Surprising for the throng of assembled pilots and fishermen, who viewed it with such intense interest; surprising also for the very decisive marine Waterloo which the pilots received at the hands of the "fish-yankers," as their opponents were called in polite "off-shore" dialect.

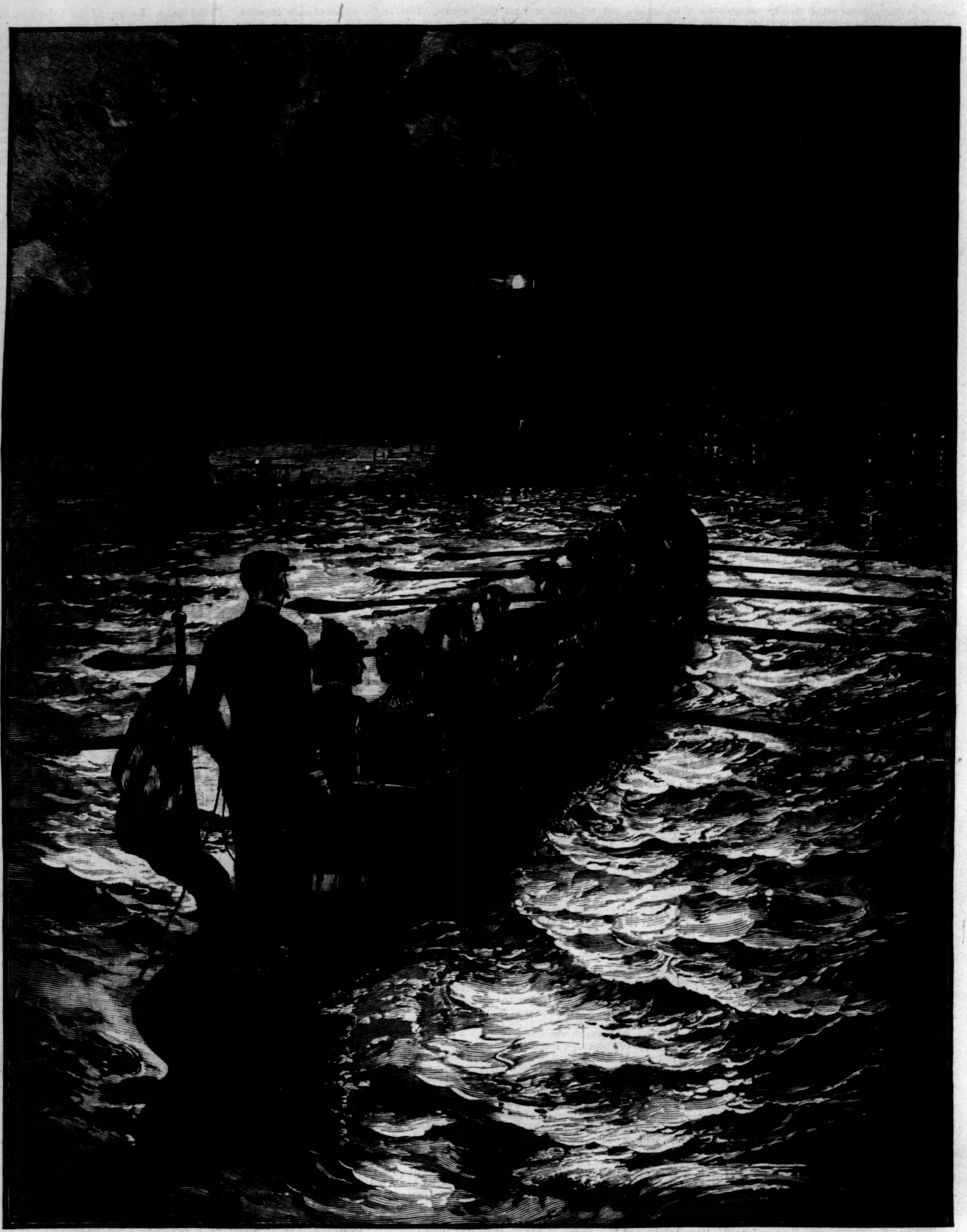
The start was characteristic of the entire race. The pilot-boat lay close to the line in fine form, but was slow and lifeless in getting over, while the fisherman, who had been dodging about restlessly to windward, came down with a rush, and sped over the line under full headway just before the last whistle blew; and so it was throughout the day. Whenever anything decisive was to be done, whether a change of sail or course, handling of rope or tiller, the pilots were slow and deliberate, losing a valuable quarter-minute on this tack, or over the bunching of that sail, while the fishing yacht's crew jumped about like monkeys, all claws and feet for a moment, then down on deck and out of sight. The boats also partook of the character of their crews—the pilot-boat mounting the ocean swells cleanly, beautifully, but with little life; the other all motion and quickness, with much dashing of spray.

In the run from Minot's Ledge to Eastern Point the *Hesper* held her own, due, as a discouraged pilot on the excursion boat remarked, "to the boat's sailing herself."

It was a beautiful marine picture on the run home when the fishing schooners and their small boats congregated along the course and cheered the *Fredonia* with lively bursts of applause, waving of brooms, and other marine demonstrations. Some heavy-booted trawlers in bobbing dories essayed, with indifferent success, to stand on their heads, in emulation of Mr. Burgess's usual signal of victory; and one solemn old man, less nimble than his fellows, waved the tail of a huge fish derisively at the unlucky *Hesper* as she swept by forty minutes in the rear in a three hour ten minutes race, and loser of the largest amount of money wagered on any yacht race in this country.

A BARGE PARTY.

ON our next page we have a view of a merry party enjoying a moonlight row on the Hudson River. The barge belongs to the Nyack Rowing Association. The scene is that wide and beautiful



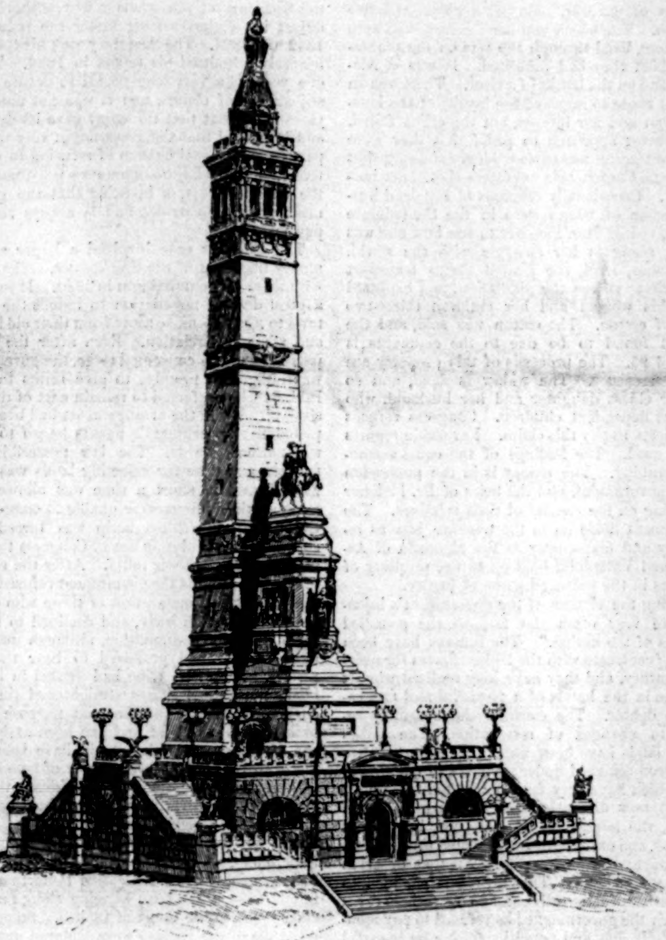
A BARGE PARTY ON THE HUDSON BY MOONLIGHT.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

expanse of the Hudson which our Dutch ancestors named the Tappan Zee. It lies between Tarrytown and Nyack, and although not beyond the reach of tide-water and subject to the current, it still possesses the attraction of a calm and beautiful lake. Viewed from certain points it loses the impression of a river altogether, and seems a fair and beautiful sheet of water locked in by towering hills. The light-house in the centre of the picture is known as the Tarrytown Bay Light. On the left lies Kingsland Island, and in the background we have the village of Tarrytown, adorned with its gleaming electric lights.

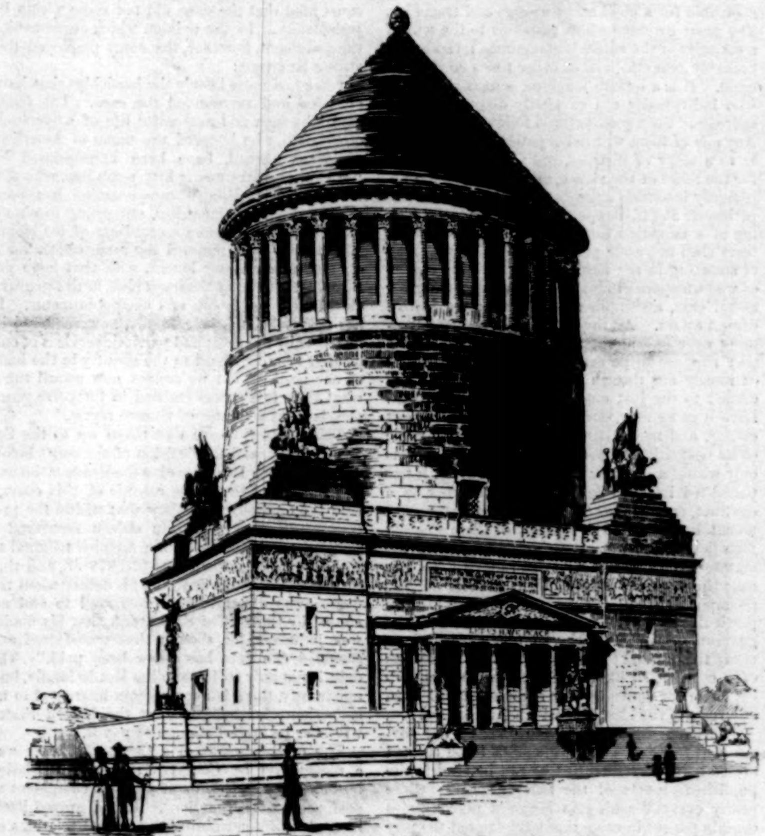
These rowing parties are a source of keen delight to the lady friends of the members of each association. So far the clubs have not yielded sufficiently to the spirit of the age to admit lady members, and if any one connected with the association desires to give his fair friends an outing, he must engage the barge beforehand and make it a special event. As a general thing it is required that some member of the club shall act as coxswain; this to assure safety to the precious craft. The party may then be made up in accordance with the fancy of the gentleman who acts as host. Most of the associations have very attractive club-houses, where, after the pleasure of rowing has begun to pall, parties can assemble, have supper, and if there are lady guests sufficient, enjoy a dance. The club-house of the Nyack Association is a very attractive structure, built over the water, and forms a pleasant feature in the landscape. The members of these clubs are not heavily taxed, their dues scarcely amounting to more than $25 or $50 per year, yet their club-houses are daintily furnished, their boats of the best and finest build, and all their appurtenances of a superior order. So much can be done by combination.

In our glorious Hudson River we have a stream that the world cannot rival, so wonderful is its picturesque loveliness. High upon the walls of the Governor's Room in the New York City Hall is a dingy painting of a broad-headed, short-haired, sparsely bearded man, with an enormous ruff about his neck, and wearing otherwise the costume of the days of King James the First of England. Who painted it nobody knows, but all are well aware that it is the portrait of one Hendrik Hudson, who "on a May-day morning knelt in the church of St. Ethelburga, Amsterdam, and partook of the sacrament, and soon after left the Thames for circumpolar waters." It was on the 11th of September, 1609, that this same mariner passed through a narrow strait on an almost unknown continent, and entered upon a broad stream where "the indescribable beauty of the virgin land through which he was passing filled his heart and mind with exquisite pleasure."

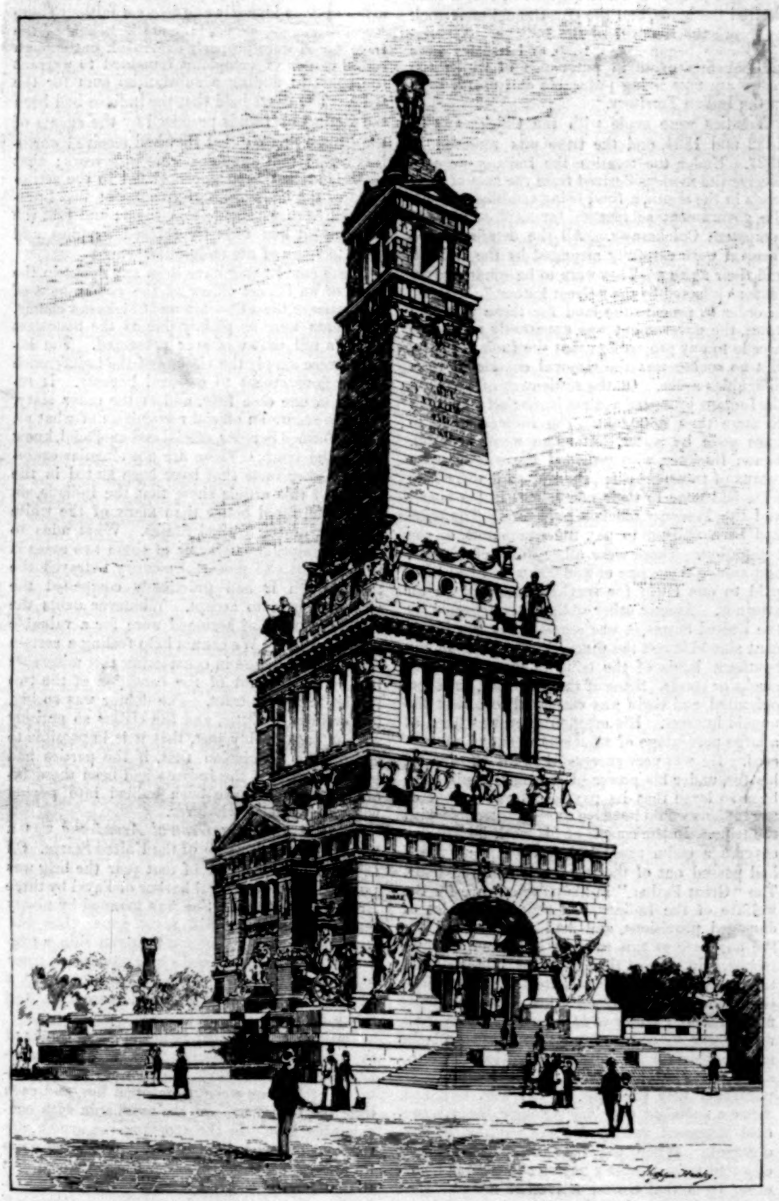
The annually increasing army of tourists and pleasure seekers, which begin their campaign every spring and continue their march until late in the autumn, sending every year a stronger corps of observation into these enchanted lands, all agree with Hendrik Hudson. Certainly it only remains for tradition to weave its romances, and for a few of our more gifted poets and story-tellers to gild with their imagination these wonderful hills and valleys, these sunny slopes and fairy coves and inlets, to make for us an enchanted land that shall rival the heights where the spectre of the Brocken dwells, or any other elf-inhabited spot in Europe.



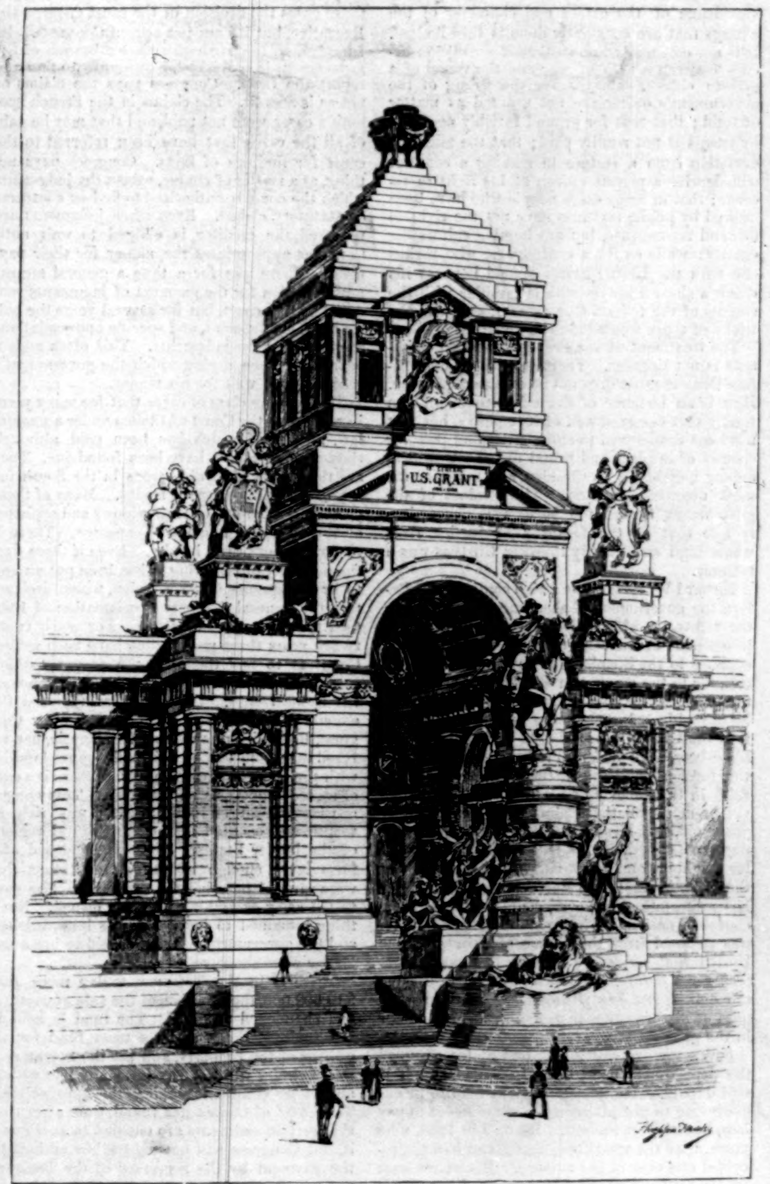
"SWORD AND LAUREL."
SUGGESTED THIRD PRIZE, $500.



"LET US HAVE PEACE."
SUGGESTED SECOND PRIZE, $1000.



"1822."
SUGGESTED FIRST PRIZE, $1500.



"ONE COUNTRY."
SUGGESTED FOURTH PRIZE.

SELECTED COMPETITIVE DESIGNS WITH ACCOMPANYING MOTTOES FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 803.]

UNCLE SAM'S INJURED CREDITORS.

The government of the United States is responsible for a good many wrongs and tragedies. The great machine which responds to the will of a majority of the voters is sometimes lavishly and foolishly generous, and at other times sordid and cruel. It is a human machine, composed of men who individually are as kindly disposed as the average of their good-natured fellow-countrymen. Any one of them will listen patiently and pitifully to a story of distress, and will do his utmost for the relief of the victim, and the whole, the apparently insensate aggregate, will trample on the petitioner and his supporters with the gleeful feeling of a supposed duty performed. Fraudulent tears shed in public places, the sobs of mendacity sounding in the newspapers, the lying stories of woe whispered industriously in many Congressional ears, accomplish ends that mere justice cannot attain. All these send Congressmen tumbling over one another in mad efforts on what they suppose to be errands of mercy. Millions of money are thrown away, and thousands are denied to the just creditors of the government. Love it as we may, our government is a dishonest debtor, and more than once in its history some of its best citizens have refused to trust it. It is only within a comparatively few years that it has permitted itself to be sued, and then only on a contract, or on claims arising out of a statute. A recent law gives to the Court of Claims equity jurisdiction, but the extent and efficiency of the statute have not yet been determined. To this time the wrongful acts of United States officials go unpunished unless Congress interferes in some particular case; but the legislative branch of the government is so fickle, so untrustworthy, so ready this minute to pour millions into the coffers of a cozener, so likely the next to deny an honest claim for damages, that it does not satisfy in any respect the idea of a tribunal of justice.

The wrongs that have been done by the government to those who have sought to be righted are so many that their history can be read in the published reports of the federal courts; while nearly every Washington lawyer's pigeon-holes contain papers in cases that have excited the pity of judges accustomed to hearing of hardships. It is not uncommon to hear from the bench expressions of regret that the law does not permit the courts to do what is equitable between the government and the individual. The government's dishonesty is an evil which is generally felt, and but little understood. Occasionally the public hears of a case of hardship which awakens its compassion and excites its wrath, but the knowledge of the extent and character of the wrongs that are constantly done is very limited. It is not commonly known that if a collision occurs between a ship of war and the vessel of a private citizen, damages for the wrong of the government's officer are not granted as matter of right; that rent for ground forcibly occupied by troops is not readily paid; that the slightest deviation from a statute in making a contract will deprive a private citizen of his right to recover; that in many cases people who have been injured by public servants have not the right to demand recompense, but are humble suitors for charity; while as for a contract, he who makes one with the United States should have at his elbow a shrewd lawyer who is familiar with the statues of the federal Government, and with the tricks of those who administer them.

The treatment of the French spoliation claimants is not singular. There is hardly a debt before Congress that does not meet with opposition. Here is an instance of shameful treatment of a family that deserved well of its country, but that has been condemned to suffer from that peculiar species of insolent and brutal dishonesty which, among individuals, is the sign and mark of the most depraved of men. The conduct of the government toward the Meades is distressingly like that of the footpads of justice from whose high and mighty thieving Gil Blas was a sufferer.

Richard W. Meade was a rich contractor. Before the government of the United States made the treaty by which Florida was added to the possessions of the country, Meade had furnished supplies to the Spanish government, and was its creditor to the amount of $400,000. While the negotiations for the treaty were in progress, Meade objected strenuously to the proposition that the United States should be substituted as his debtor. He preferred to hold a claim against the foreign government, for he had very little faith in the honesty of his own. At that time the French spoliation claims were nearly twenty years old, and Meade did not want to undergo any such experience as had fallen to the lot of his neighbors and fellow-citizens who dwelt along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Georgia. His protestation, however, could not change the course of nations. The treaty was made. Spain was released from the claims of citizens of the United States, just as France had been nineteen years before. His own government became the debtor, and has since vindicated the soundness of his objection to accepting it as a debtor in the place of Spain.

Seventy years ago the United States assumed the debt which Spain owed to Meade, and it is still unpaid. The claimant spent his life in endeavoring to prevail upon the government to pay him, but without success. He died in 1828, nine years after the treaty was made, and had not received one cent of the amount. His widow took up the struggle where Meade dropped it with his life. For twenty-four years she stood at the doors of Congress and asked for justice. She could not get it. Several times bills providing for the payment of the debt were passed by one House of Congress, but failed in the other either for lack of time or votes. She died in 1852, not having received any part of the debt. Then the son took up the case, and tried to get the money that was due his father. He also failed. When the Court of Claims was established in 1854, he went before it with his petition, but in 1866 the court held that the case did not come within its jurisdiction. In the opinion which accompanied the judgment, however, the court employed this strong language:

"We feel most keenly the hardships that have attended and surrounded the case. The fruits of a laborious and successful life of a meritorious citizen, who honored the name of American merchant abroad, have been appropriated by the United States nearly fifty years ago. To this hour not a farthing's compensation has been made. He long since died, struggling to obtain from his country some recognition of his claim. His faithful wife pursued the same object for a quarter of a century longer, with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, until the grave closed over her labors and disappointments. It has descended to their family, now rendered illustrious by the great and patriotic services of one of their sons, rendered to the country in the hour of her peril. That we cannot now award them what their father was entitled to forty-five years ago, is to us a matter of sincere regret."

This shameful case was taken up to the Supreme Court, and the decision of the court below was sustained. In a later case the Meade claim was again referred to: "The records of this court," said the opinion, "also show that within the present century an American citizen recovered a judgment against Spain in a Spanish tribunal to the very large amount of $373,879 88, and that he elected to retain Spain as his debtor when the decree was about to be transferred to and assumed by the United States, and that his choice was judicious, for, though thus transferred and assumed, the debt has never been paid." The debt is not only still due to the Meade family, but, apparently, there is not a person interested in its collection who believes that the United States will ever be honest enough to pay it.

The establishment of a Court of Claims was a recognition by Congress that the legislative branch of the government was not competent to perform judicial functions. It had proved itself incapable of determining the mutual relations of the parties to a contract, and therefore a new court was set up, and its jurisdiction extended over cases arising out of contracts, express or implied, or out of statutes which are in the nature of contracts whenever a private citizen becomes a creditor of the government under their provisions. Other cases are referred to the court, both by Congress and the heads of departments, in pursuance of general and special acts. In these cases the decision of the court governs the Executive, but it does not govern Congress. Its function, so far as the legislative branch of the government is concerned, is generally to find and report the facts. Congress pays the claims or not as it sees fit. The claims in the French spoliation cases were not paid, and that may be said of all the cases that have been referred to the court for findings of facts. Congress pays nothing, as a matter of course, except the judgments which the court is authorized to find on contracts or statutory claims. Even when judgments are rendered, the creditor is obliged to wait until Congress appropriates the money for their payment. There was for a time a general annual appropriation for the payment of judgments rendered by this court, but for several years the policy has been different, and specific appropriations are made for the judgments. This often adds a year to the time during which the government's creditor must wait for his money.

There is one class of cases that for many years have gone to the Court of Claims under a general law, no one of which has been paid, although thousands of dollars have been found due. They are the claims of loyal persons in the South for supplies furnished for the troops. Many of these people are farmers, or their widows and orphans, of West Virginia and East Tennessee. There is no doubt about their loyalty. Even if there was, the necessity of removing it has been put an end to by a Supreme Court decision, which declares that the General Amnesty Proclamation of 1868 took the place of all evidence. For nearly twenty-five years these poor people have been asking Congress to pay them for the property which was taken during the war for the sustenance of the Union troops. The court has reported the amounts that are due, but Congress after Congress, Republican as well as Democratic, has refused the compensation which all who are familiar with the claims know to be just. There is a case of record known as Mrs. Saffried's. This woman, a widow, loyal and enthusiastic, was rich, as wealth was counted in the agricultural regions of the border States. She was possessed of a farm large enough to sustain the troops that were camped near her for two years. She gave to the army everything that she owned. Not a thing remained to her. She was impoverished, and the government has never paid to her a dollar for what she gave its troops.

There is in the Treasury to-day more than $10,500,000, the proceeds of the sale of captured and abandoned property. The fund is held by the Supreme Court to be a trust fund for the owners of the property, and yet the Secretary of the Treasury will not pay it to any one without an act of Congress making the appropriation. The Court of Claims has found, time after time, that certain claimants are entitled to portions of it, but Congress will not pass a law authorizing the payment by the Secretary of the Treasury; nor will it enact a general law authorizing the payment pro rata from the fund of all judgments of this character which are rendered by the Court of Claims.

While we are upon the subject of the indebtedness of the government to Southern sufferers from the war, the recital of the case of the heirs of Dr. Nathan Fletcher will be interesting. Dr. Fletcher died in 1857, long before the breaking out of the war. He left a widow and five children. The widow and her children, who were all minors, lived through the war on the plantation which they had inherited. It was in Alabama, and on the banks of a river. There was an attempt made to impeach the loyalty of the lonely woman and her infants, but the effort failed. The nearest approach to proof that they were guilty of treason was some evidence showing that Union and Confederate wayfarers shared her hospitality. Occasionally relations of her dead husband, some of whom were in the Confederate service, visited Mrs. Fletcher to see how she was getting along in her struggle with the world. In October, 1864, the United States transport *Stone River* visited the plantation, and captured from this woman and her children thirty-two bales of cotton. The cotton was sold, and the amount found to be due to the claimants is $23,656 25. The proceeds of this property are in the Treasury. The widow is dead, and so are her eldest daughter and her husband, who left five dependent children. Congress refuses or neglects to pay this claim. Favorable reports do no good. The findings of the court accomplish nothing. The money is in the possession of the government, and the heirs of Dr. Fletcher are living on the charity of their relatives. The government holds on to the treasure just as insolently and dishonestly as the alguazils of Astorga and Valladolid held on to the property of Gil Blas in the outraged name of justice.

Among the victims of the government's injustice are very often the Indians, the so-called "wards of the nation." The Indians have been making contracts with the United States for nearly a century, and they have long realized what it is to be in the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous debtor. The contracts have usually related to changes of reservation. The tribes whose lands have been wanted by white settlers have been removed under promises of compensation, which have very frequently been broken. I am not now discussing the rascality of Indian agents, the imposition of bad food, insufficient supplies, and other outrages of which the parental government has been guilty. All that deserves a chapter to itself. This article is confined to the relation of illustrative and characteristic cases in which the government has refused to pay money actually due, and notwithstanding its boastful theory that it does no wrong, and will not pay interest because it is always ready to pay just demands upon it.

Very early in the century the Choctaws and the Chickasaws lived on rich lands in the South, east of the Mississippi River. The white men desired the lands, and the government undertook to secure the removal of the Indians. Negotiations were begun about 1830, and treaties were subsequently made in pursuance of which the tribes are now living peaceable and useful lives in the Indian Territory.

Treaties were made with the Chickasaws in 1832 and 1834, and the tribe was removed in 1837. Under the treaties the Indians were to receive the moneys derived from the sale of their lands in the South, a fund being established, with the government as trustee, for orphan and incompetent Chickasaws. All the details of the removal were carefully arranged by the Indians and their agents. They were to be conducted by persons selected by the "Great Father." In brief, in order to procure the land for those who had votes, the government was apparently willing to accede to any proposition that the Indians made. But no sooner was the removal completed than difficulties arose. On the settlement of accounts the Indians protested against items that amounted to more than $600,000. The Indians were to have gone by water, but some went by land. Simon Buckner, who provided the agreed-upon means of transportation, charged as if the whole tribe had gone to their new homes in his boats, and the Treasury officials paid him. The tribe had been obliged to pay the conductors of the emigration. There were other items of dispute, and among them, one of $56,000 which had been paid to one Gwin for services rendered as an attorney. Among other obligations assumed by the United States, it was agreed that the President should invest the proceeds of the sale of the Southern lands of the tribe in interest-bearing stocks or bonds. Some of the securities, however, defaulted, and Gwin was employed to collect the unpaid interest. His compensation was fixed at a large percentage of whatever amount he recovered. He was very successful in his efforts, and his fee, under his power of attorney, would have been so large that its payment by the agent of the Indians would have led to serious trouble with the tribe. In the course of his work he had discovered a claim against the government which had passed out of the recollection of the tribe. The "Great Father," in his paternal care for the welfare of the Indians, had sent them a lot of damaged provisions, and had appropriated for the purchase of this refuse a large sum of their money. In view of this, and to save himself and the agent the trouble of a contest with the chiefs, Gwin assented to surrender his claim for a fee under the first power of attorney, and accepted a new power to collect from the government the sum charged for the damaged provisions, with the agreement that he should receive for his compensation fifty per cent. of the sum obtained. After a sufficient and long struggle, Gwin recovered judgment, and his fee was paid by the government. When the tribe discovered this, it objected to its trustee's paying counsel for recovering from that trustee a sum of money which had been improperly collected for the spoiled provisions, and the Court of Claims sustained the Indians on this and other points, rendering judgment in 1887 for $240,165.

For fifty years after the removal of the Chickasaws the government refused to pay the claims which its own court finally decided to be just. In 1852, fifteen years after the debt occurred, the Secretary of the Interior was authorized to adjust the claims arising under the treaties of 1832 and 1834. The Secretary took his time, and leisurely submitted his report in 1883. Thirty-one years is a very long period to devote to the adjustment of claims, and it was not until four years after that that the court gave its decision, and intimated that Congress might very well depart from its usual custom of refusing to pay interest, in view of the stupendous folly, under all the circumstances, of insisting that the government can do no wrong, and is always ready to pay just debts.

The Choctaw case involved a larger sum of money than that of the Chickasaws. The treaty with them was entered into in 1830. It required a good deal of negotiation to induce the Choctaws to agree to move away from their old homes, and some intimidation. Even after the larger part of the tribe consented to go, the government was obliged to promise to give farms to those Indians who preferred to remain east of the Mississippi. When the arrangements had been completed, the government's agents began to cozen the nation's wards. The law prescribing the manner and time for selecting lands was disregarded, and so short a time was allowed that many of the Indians were unable to comply with the treaty. Worthless scrip was forced upon some of them under an act of Congress that was alleged to be for their relief. After the removal of the first Indians the government refused to pay the expenses of emigration of those who did not go with the main body, and declined to furnish them guns and ammunition, although under the agreement it had promised to bear these expenses. After the tribe had settled in its new home the United States straightened the boundary of Arkansas, and for that purpose calmly took some of the land that had been assigned to the Choctaws. Nothing could have been more disregardful of the common laws of honesty that govern the transactions of individuals than the conduct of the government toward both the Choctaws and the Chickasaws.

The amount of the claim of the former was $3,775,533. The issue had been referred to the Senate, again to the Executive Department, and finally, after it had been hanging along for nearly sixty years, to the Court of Claims. Some of the demands of the Indians were declared untenable, and in this and in the Chickasaw case the government undoubtedly profited by its own delay. It had refused for so many years to deal honestly and justly with the Indians that it was impossible for the petitioners to secure the evidence necessary to rebut the presumption that official acts are done honestly and in good faith. There were, of course, demands made in behalf of the tribe which were properly overruled, but enough sound causes of complaint remained to warrant the court in finding a substantial sum for the tribe. The court held that the Indians had been the victims of frauds practised by the agents of the United States; that they had received worthless scrip; that annuities were in arrears; that their land had been appropriated in the settlement of the boundaries of Arkansas; that interest had been withheld from them; and that the government had unjustly refused supplies and arms to some of the emigrants.

There could never have been any doubt in the mind of an honest officer of the government of the justice of these Choctaw and Chickasaw claims. The debts were as plainly due as the honestest grocer's bill that was ever presented. The Indians were simply the victims of the indifference of the government to national honesty. It required in one case fifty, and in the other sixty, years to secure an official recognition of what all well-informed persons, official and unofficial, knew to be the truth. These are not singular examples. Other facts that have been stated in the course of this article show that the Indians, on the whole, fared better than many of the white creditors of the United States. What adds to the contemptible character of these two cases is that a great and powerful country betrayed the trust which it had practically compelled the weaker people to accept. Whatever debts the United States had assumed were for a valuable consideration. We cannot help feeling a certain accession of shame in considering this miserable history, on account of the condition of the two parties to the contract. The debtor was so big, the creditor so little, and the claims so entirely and unquestionably just, that it is impossible to escape the conclusion that, if the parties had been reversed, if the Indians had been the debtors, they would have been bullied into paying without any delay whatever.

In 1814 the brig *General Armstrong* was a privateer in the service of the United States. On the 26th of September of that year the brig was pursued into the neutral harbor of Fayal by three British men-of-war. She was manned by ninety men, and was armed with seven guns. Her pursuers consisted of a seventy-four-gun ship, a frigate of forty-four guns, and a brig of eighteen guns. Against this small American vessel there was a fighting force of 136 guns and more than two thousand men.

During the night that followed the entrance of the vessels into the harbor the British commander undertook to capture the American. Two attacks with boats were made upon her, and each time the brig drove off her assailants with considerable loss. In the morning the attack was renewed by the British brig, which carried more than twice as many guns as the American, but the defence of the latter was so gallant and effective that the enemy's vessel was driven off disabled. The loss of the *Armstrong* was two killed and seven wounded; of the British, 120 killed and ninety wounded. After the encounter with the brig, the commander of the *Armstrong*, seeing that further defence was impossible, scuttled and abandoned his vessel.

The fight made by the *Armstrong* was not only a brilliant episode, and one that added to the glory of the American navy, but its effect was of the utmost importance to the country. The British men-of-war that pursued the *Armstrong* and outraged the neutrality of Portugal by making the attack in the harbor of Fayal, were on their way to join Admiral Cochrane's squadron and the troops of Pakenham at Jamaica, for the purpose of making a secret attack upon New Orleans. The result of the week's delay for the repair of damages caused by the shot of the *Armstrong* defeated the design of the expedition.

The brig was lost in the harbor of a friendly power, and under the walls of its fort. Under all rules of international law, Portugal owed the owners of the vessel indemnity. For forty years the United States insisted that this indemnity should be paid. The Secretaries of State who recognized the validity of the claim were Monroe, Adams, Forsyth, Webster, Upshur, and Clayton. The Senate and House committees of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fifth Congresses made favorable reports upon it. In 1850 President Taylor made a peremptory demand for the settlement by Portugal of American claims, among them the claim of the owners and crew of the *General Armstrong*. The case was referred to Louis Napoleon, but the claim was practically surrendered by the government, the State Department refusing to submit the necessary evidence in its behalf. The French emperor decided against it, on the ground that he was in doubt as to whether the brig did not begin the attack.

After this decision the Foreign Committees of Congress reported in favor of the claim. The Court of Claims, which had once decided in its favor, now reversed its judgment on a technical ground, but a large majority of each House voted for a bill for the relief of the claimants, which failed on account of the lack of a quorum in the House of Representatives.

Some years afterward those who were much about the Capitol became familiar with Sam. C. Reid. He was the representative of the owners and crew of the *Armstrong*, most if not all of whom were dead. This persistent demander of the rights which had descended to him was apparently a man of moderate means. It was evident that the $70,000 which he sought was of great importance to him and the living whom he represented. Congress after Congress saw his petition go into the box, but it did not come back with a favorable report until Senator Pendleton became its advocate, and insisted that the government should pay this claim, whose validity it had recognized, but which it had abandoned for the purpose of securing other objects. It was nearly sixty-seven years after the *Armstrong* was destroyed before the Senate passed the bill which was finally to do justice to the descendants of the men who had lost their property in maintaining the honor of their country's flag. Even then one Senator objected to the claim because it was old —objected to the government's justice after so many years of its denial. And even then there was no thought of paying interest for that delay. The amount received for the *Armstrong* was precisely what should have been paid by Portugal more than sixty years before. Paying out the money at all was an admission that the debt was due from the United States at least twenty-five years before, but still the government insisted that as it was always ready to pay just debts, it would not pay interest.

From 1796 until the present time the government, in statutes and treaties, has guaranteed to Indians and settlers indemnity for mutual depredations. The consideration of the guarantee was the preservation of the peace on the border. In consequence of the promise of the government, the settlers have filed claims for millions of dollars, and not a cent has been paid. In 1888, ninety-two years after the passage of the first act guaranteeing payment for Indian depredations, the matter was referred to the Secretary of the Interior for a report. In a comparatively recent statute, it was provided that the sum paid for an indemnity by Indians should be deducted from the annuity of the tribe that was responsible. The Secretary found that if these debts had been paid by the tribes as they accrued, they would not have caused distress, but as the government had permitted them to accumulate until they amounted to millions, they would now swallow up all that was due or to be due for some time to come. In the mean time, the settlers whose property has been destroyed by the Indians have been waiting for the government to fulfil this promise, "The United States guarantee to the party injured an eventual indemnification." It must be apparent to the waiting creditor of the United States that the essential word in this sentence is "eventual."

In speaking of the attitude of the government toward general classes of its creditors, it will be well to state briefly some of the cases that have gone to the Treasury Department for settlement. Very often the Auditors and the Court of Claims have concurrent jurisdiction, and sometimes they have not. How the public creditors are at the mercy of the politics of small politicians can be shown by the recent experience of a class of creditors who have generally sought their remedy for the non-payment of their bills from the Auditors of the Treasury.

These people are vessel owners, who charter their boats to the government. The charter-parties contain the usual stipulation that the owner shall make all necessary repairs. Repairs are sometimes of such a character that the boat must lie up while they are being made, but as the hiring is for a certain fixed time, the rent runs notwithstanding the detention of the vessel. In almost every instance of this kind the owner has been obliged to go to the Auditor for the recovery of a disallowance in his bill for the time during which the boat has been laid up, and the disallowance has been set aside. Congress has never failed to appropriate the amounts found due, until the cases whose history I am now about to relate, the Secretary of the Treasury sending in a list with his annual estimates.

On the occasion to which I refer a political campaign was approaching, and the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was especially desirous of keeping down the aggregate of expenditures. Therefore, without reason and against precedent, he threw out the whole list of claims of this character which the Treasury Department had decided to be due. The election being over, the same chairman at the following session of Congress innocently inquired of the Treasury Department for a list of the claims for which appropriations had not been made at the preceding session. He ought to have known without inquiry, and he doubtless did know. The Secretary of the Treasury, of whom the request was made, referred it to the Comptroller, and here enters one of the most mighty of self-made potentates who has anything whatever to do with our simple republic. In his time he has refused to obey the orders of the President or any of his Cabinet, and has intimated that while he bows to a decision of the Supreme Court, he does so simply because of his lawyer's reverence for that tribunal, and not because he must. In this instance the Comptroller was asked for a list of these claims, which went unpaid because a political party desired to make a false record for economy. He was simply called upon to give a list, but the great new man who occupied the office also desired a reputation for economy, consequently he reviewed the decisions of his predecessors, and, overturning precedent and all the rules of maritime law by which courts of justice are governed, decided that these claims were not due. In his opinion he made the statement that new evidence had been discovered. He mentioned no new evidence, and in the papers, as they went to the Secretary, the reversal was determined upon the same evidence that governed the Auditors in reaching an opposite conclusion. The attorney for the claimants, thinking to catch the Comptroller in his own trap, wrote a letter asking for this new evidence, but the Comptroller paid no attention to the request beyond filing the letter containing it. He had simply deliberately cheated the claimants, and had told a falsehood as an excuse for his dishonesty.

A railroad company had for years been defrauding the government. A man having knowledge of the fact wrote to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in 1871, asking as to the reward that would be paid for his information. In answer he received a circular, issued under authority of law, offering fifty per cent. on the first $500 of any penalty recovered through the aid of his testimony, forty per cent. on the next $1500, etc. Acting on this, he furnished the information, and became a witness for the government. Forty-six suits were begun against the railroad, and all were finally compromised by the payment of more than $15,000. When the informer applied for his percentage, he was coolly informed that, pending the controversy, the moiety law had been repealed. He had expended his own money while he was attending the courts as a witness for the government, and was very poor. He sued in the Court of Claims, but that court decided that it had no jurisdiction. He applied to Congress, but relief was denied him. Finally he died in great want and poverty, having waited twelve years in vain for the government to pay him in accordance with its agreement. His widow and heirs renewed his application to the Treasury, and obtained for the first time a certificate that the man was really the informer in the case. Another suit was brought in the Court of Claims, and judgment was recovered. The government, however, did not cease to fight the claim. It appealed to the Supreme Court, and there the judgment was affirmed. The amount due was finally paid, but of course without interest.

An Indian trader in Dakota was requested by the Indian agent to furnish the Indians on the Reservation with some supplies to save them from impending starvation. The corn planted by them in the season of 1866 had been a failure, in consequence of its destruction by grasshoppers; the distribution made in the summer of 1866 by the government had been exhausted, and there were about 2500 Indians dependent upon the few hundred dollars in the hands of the agent. The Indian agent assured the trader that if he would advance the supplies he would see that the government paid him. The trader advanced the supplies, without which the Indians would have died of starvation. He put in a bill for some ten thousand dollars for what he had furnished, consisting of flour, coffee, sugar, and bacon. The Indian Office raised technical objections. A bill for the trader's relief passed one House or another of Congress, but failed to get through both Houses at the same session of any one Congress. Finally the case was referred to the Court of Claims, which sustained the claim. But somehow or other this claim still hangs fire in Congress, although favorably reported.

In 1877 Congress passed an act appropriating $375,000 to pay the arrears due mail contractors for services rendered in the Southern and border States just previous to the outbreak of the late rebellion. The money was thus appropriated by Congress, the proofs were furnished, and these contractors, many of them impoverished by the war, and needing the long deferred payments, confidently expected that their debts would soon be settled; but just as the money seemed to be forth-coming, a circular was issued which stated that no claims would be paid until all of them were filed, and as the law placed no limitation on the date of filing claims, the circular was an indefinite postponement of the settlement of the claims. Up to this date, twelve years afterward, not one of the claims has ever been paid by the Treasury Department, notwithstanding the positive mandate of Congress to that effect. A few, indeed, have recovered through judgments of the Court of Claims; but these have been mainly large railroad corporations, which kept books enabling them to meet the strict requirements of proof in a court of law, while nearly all the small contractors on the stage and horseback routes have failed to recover a single cent.

These are but a few of the tales that might be told of the government's unjust and dishonest treatment of its creditors, but they are sufficient to suggest to any one of ordinary powers of imagination the countless hardships and tragedies of which the nation must have been guilty. The story is not a pleasant one, but it is necessary, if there is to be any improvement of our morals, that we ought to learn that a government, like its citizens, should be subject to the courts of law, and that mean and blind dishonesty is the result of the false boast that the government can do no wrong, and is always ready to pay its just debts.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

GOLDEN-ROD.

In the still field its glory we behold—
  Stretching away it seems a sun-kissed sea,
  Laving with glamoured beauty hill and lea,
When calm September's smiling zephyr stoled.
By the wood edge, with light waves o'er it rolled,
  It idly flames in undulations free,
  In lovely miniature an autumn tree,
When the wind rustles in its flakes of gold.
When the leaf's curled and colored by the cold,
  When the frost sparkles on the ripened quince,
    And from the stubble pipes the merry quail—
Then in September's beauty we behold
  In all his graceful majesty the prince
    Turned to a flower in a fairy tale.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE GRANT MONUMENT DESIGNS.

The sub-committee in whose charge was left the discovery of a design proper for a monument to General Grant at Riverside Park, New York city, has not been at all hasty in its action, and has taken commendable care to protect itself from disaster. Five of the designs, from about sixty-five submitted to experts, are figured here, not as certainly those to which prizes were assigned, but as examples of the better class of designs submitted. Time for submission of designs was extended from November 1, 1888, to January 2, 1889, and the experts appointed were Professors Ware, of Columbia, and Wolf, of the College of New York, together with the architects Renwick, George B. Post, Le Brun, and Ware. Owing to clause fifteen in the printed circular to artists, architects, and sculptors, the names of the prize men are withheld by the Grant Monument Association, and these designs are published merely in the interests of public demand for some knowledge of what is being done to furnish for the remains of General Grant a monument befitting his fame and the city where he chose to have his final resting-place.

The fifteenth clause reads: "In the event of inviting a new competition, none of the designs submitted, awarded prizes or otherwise, will be shown to any other competitor or to the public." Two points will be noted in this regard: one, that the clause expressly intimates that the selection by experts of any one design as the best does not bind the association to accept that as the plan for the monument; the other, that these designs now published do not emanate from any member of the association, or from the experts, but are furnished from another source over which these gentlemen have no control. These designs are published on the responsibility of Harper's Weekly, no names being mentioned, and no artist or committeeman being responsible therefor. The publication of a wild design that emanates from an amateur, and may possibly influence a number of people who think nothing has been done to approach a conclusion in this matter, is the reason for this premature appearance. It is fair to argue that no harm can come thereby to the authors of these plans, and that their appearance will prove that we already have a handful of designs which, however imperfect and inadequate they are, present some features which raise each and all above the level of the scheme outlined by General Vielé in the daily papers.

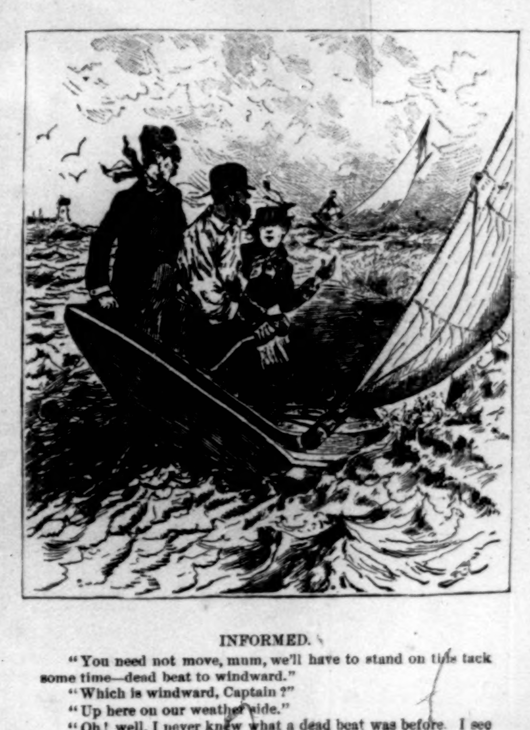
Designs were solicited for a structure to cost $300,000, to be of architecture and sculpture combined, and in material granite, with a latitude as regards the sculpture, permitting the latter to be made of bronze. Five were to be selected by experts, and the following prizes were to be awarded their authors, whereupon the designs were to become the absolute property of the association: First, $1500; second, $1000; third, $500; fourth, $300; and fifth, $200. The experts considered the ground-plans and elevations, plaster models, and estimates of cost during the months of March, April, May, and June. The five considered the best were then submitted to the sub-committee, which consisted of Messrs. S. L. M. Barlow, A. B. Cornell, Charles N. Taintor, and Charles H. Woodman. The sub-committee, which has lost since then one of its most capable members, has not as yet taken action in the matter.

Inaction at this juncture is, perhaps, hardly to be deplored, for even supposing that the five here given are only representative of the better sort of submitted designs and not absolutely those chosen, it is apparent that the Grant Monument Association is laboring under the same difficulties that attend other organizations of the kind so far as eliciting designs from architects of high attainments. But there is good reason to believe that these are the prize winners. There is not a single one here for which something might not be said in praise. D. O. M., an architect emulous of the Washington shaft at the national capital, who places angels with trumpets 500 feet aloft at the four corners of the shaft, has given a certain grace to his towering pile. The details of approaches are poverty-stricken and mean, however, and there is this criticism to make on its adornments generally: whereas the absolute sobriety of the Washington shaft makes up for its lack of beauty of line, and in the long-run impresses the beholder with a sense of steadfastness and immensity, this design loses those advantages by its half-hearted ornamentation. But there is an objection to it implied in the very comparison. Washington having its shaft and Boston its Bunker Hill Monument, New York should not indulge in commonplace and seek to get a little higher obelisk, even if it were designed by a master.

This criticism is unfortunately fatal also to "Let us have peace," a mausoleum which may be said to be an improvement on the Garfield Monument in Ohio. It is a sturdy design of a Roman type, which has the restful quality that inheres in many broad spaces of masonry untormented by windows or ornaments. The broad cove of the roof and simple hexastyle porch, the severe lower building enriched with a broad frieze below the cornice, are in excellent taste; while the four groups of statuary display themselves well at the four angles of the roof against the plain round of the upper structure. The latter is broken in a dignified way by the colonnade of the belvedere, loggia, or upper porch running round the circular building below the eaves, where presumably the designer intends that the number of the columns shall coincide with the number of States in the Union. If one of the five must be accepted, this meets best the need for solidity and sobriety in a mausoleum.

Far more elaborate is "1822," a monument which displays a sarcophagus below the arch and upon the broad lintel of the entrance. Much knowledge has gone to the making of this design, but its fronts are too much broken, and its shape as a whole is unsatisfactory. A constant change of decorative design frets one, and the feeling cannot be repressed that what is yet more wanting to the monument is a strong central idea in the artist's own mind. Even if such trivial things as the sword and buckler be removed from the key-stone of the entrance arch, if we suppress some of the bronze seated figures, and in other ways simplify the externals, there remains a cove which is not well balanced in its several parts. What the difficulty is cannot be said off-hand, but perhaps it lies in the relative slenderness of the cupola or belvedere, and the triviality of its superincumbent urn, which throws the upper structure out of proportion with the lower.

Concerning the fourth monument, "Sword and Laurel," a square tower with an equestrian Grant on a pedestal buttress that looks like a truncated companion tower, there is little to say. All the pleasing effect of a simple tower's unbroken shaft is wrecked by bands and shields, in the ordinary fashion of obelisks that are dear to the heart of the sexton. The tower is a light-house decorated in the worst of taste, and crowned by a statue. The pedestal for the statue is raised out of all



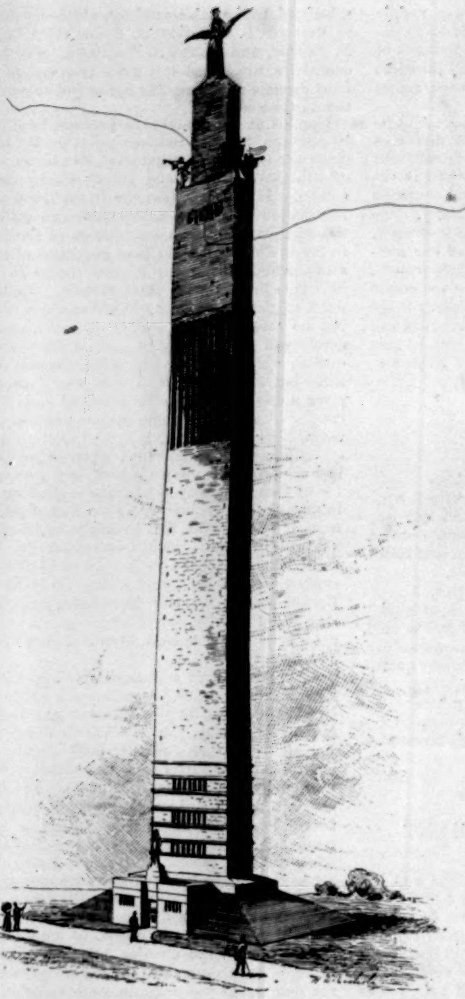
INFORMED.

"You need not move, mum, we'll have to stand on this tack some time—dead beat to windward."

"Which is windward, Captain?"

"Up here on our weather side."

"Oh! well, I never knew what a dead beat was before. I see now; it's the fellow that's beating us."



"D. O. M."
Suggested Fifth Prize Design for the Grant Monument.

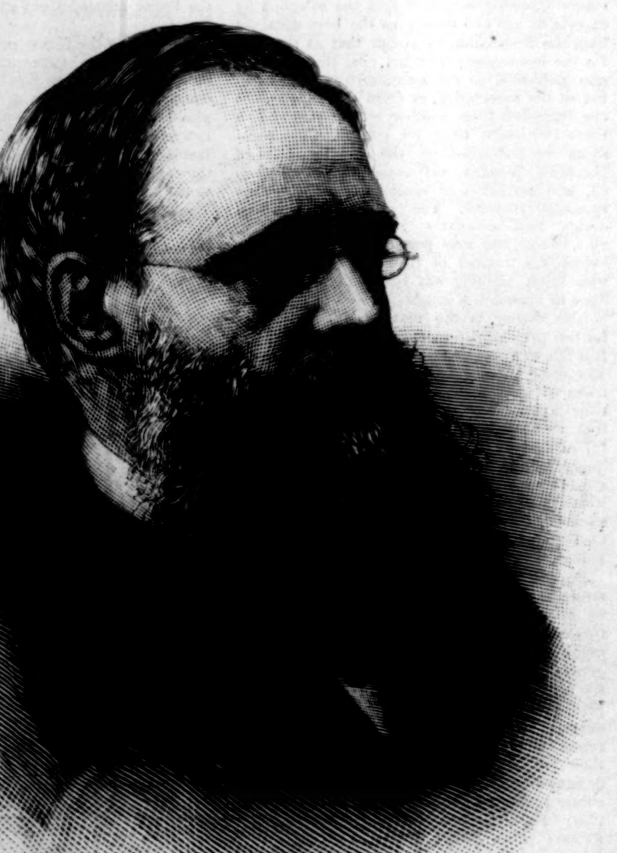
proportion, in order to bring the horse and rider against a comparatively unfretted part of the tower. It is only necessary to say, however, that the statue, which seems to be the key of the design, could not be seen properly from most points of the compass.

Finally, "One Country" has also Roman antecedents, but not Roman of the classical period. The barrel vault, with circular apse behind, and low square tower superimposed; the pediment chopped out to hold the plinth of a statue of Victory; the colonnades right and left, ending in small open wings crowned by urns (not shown in the illustration); the shields before animated groups of statuary right and left of the arch, belong to the second phase of the Renaissance in Italy, and should be crowned by figures in the style of Bernini. The equestrian Grant, detached and standing on its own tall pedestal before the arch, is by another artist, not the architect of the building. There is much cleverness in both parts; architect and sculptor know their craft, and within the limits hinted they show uncommon skill and taste. One might ask that profound alterations should be made in the square tower bearing the urn; it is too squat. But the colonnaded wings have a sumptuous, expansive air, and the idea of placing the statue before the dark shade under the arch is a good one, without following too closely any one precedent. It may be urged, on the other hand, however, that the whole spirit of this able design is foreign to our country, and especially to the character of General Grant.

The order in which these five designs are said on good authority, to have received prizes are as follows: "1822" takes the first prize, $1500; "Let us have Peace" takes the second, $1000; "Sword and Laurel" has the third, $500; "One Country" is probably the fourth, $300; while the fifth prize, $200, goes to "D. O. M." As we have seen, it is the second prize winner, not the first, who shows most understanding of what is needed for a monument to a rough and taciturn soldier.

In considering the proper monument, if one were only to think of the character of the man commemorated, the best thing possible would be a perfectly plain, an even ugly, castle, such as still exists in Scotland, where the name of Grant abounds. But such fanciful things are of course beside the question. What would have suited General Grant's plain and practical temperament better than anything else, would be a grand building for use, not a mausoleum—a museum rather than a tomb. This should be the objective of the Grant Monument Association, while the tomb proper might be put in a subordinate position, like that of Napoleon at the Invalides, which is in a crypt dimly lit, like that of a saint, but not exposed to the glare of day or gas. If this building were a museum and in charge of military, if it were the head-quarters of the army, without being either arsenal or fort, there would then be a concentration of fit ideas, men, and objects on that one spot, which would prove valuable in many ways, uniting beauty and use in a perfectly dignified manner. Indeed, the usefulness of such a monument would lend it a further dignity which a merely decorated tomb could not attain. It is fair to assume that no one of these plans will be accepted.

Would it not be well for the association to come to a conclusion that the best monument to Grant is a beautiful Museum of Military Relics, to which the tomb would form, as it were, the heart, but not the predominant or externally visible feature?



THE LATE WILKIE COLLINS.—[See Page 799.]

RAILROAD RATES.

If there is any stock jobbery in the manipulation of Western railroad rates, those who are engaged in it are failing of their purpose. The license that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company has given to its branch line to St. Paul has not yet been revoked, and in consequence the abnormally low rates that it has established between that centre and Chicago are slowly affecting the price of transportation in other and important directions where the principle involved in the C., B., and Northern case should not be applied. Still it is just about as rational for interior local rates to be affected by lake and rail competition as it is for the C., B., and Northern Company to try to meet that competition. Fortunately the influence of the rates referred to has been thus far pretty successfully limited. None of the Eastern trunk-line systems have paid any attention to the efforts of the C., B., and Quincy management to demoralize the railroad business of the country. The Lehigh Valley Company, which has no direct connection with Chicago, has quoted a through rate from the seaboard to St. Paul *via* Chicago, based on the C., B., and Northern's schedule, but it is for a combination of lake and rail service. Besides there is now a probability that it will be withdrawn. Nor have the competitors of the C., B., and Northern adopted its rate on through business, though they have met its figures on local traffic. As indicating the unprofitable character of the through rate, it may be noted that it is hardly seven mills per ton per mile, whereas the average rate of the entire railroad system of the country last year was about 9¼ mills per ton per mile, and the statistician of the Inter-State Commerce Commission estimates the average cost of carrying freight at about 6⅛ mills per ton per mile. But the particular rate we are discussing is on the highest class of freight, which is not only expensive to handle, but the damages that are incidental to the handling of it are much larger than on any other class of traffic. On local traffic the C., B., and Northern's rate on first-class freight is equal to 1.856 cents per ton per mile, which is somewhere near a fair charge. This rate the other roads running between Chicago and St. Paul have adopted. A few comparatively unimportant roads to the southeast of Chicago have posted the C., B., and Northern rates in connection with their own—a piece of foolishness they are likely to regret. The menace in this condition of affairs consists of the advantage that shippers and State Railroad Commissions are liable to try to reap by insisting upon the general adoption throughout the West of C., B., and Northern rates.

Not only has the stock-market ignored that menace, but it has done what very few of those interested in it seem to have done, namely, accepted the more active demand for money as evidence of a larger employment of capital—that is, of increasing activity in general business. The rates for call loans on the Stock Exchange have for some days past ruled at about the legal rate, with exceptional transactions above that figure. Yet there has been no lack of funds, nor have the market values of securities suffered. The mercantile community seems to be well supplied with funds, having availed itself of the recent relaxation in the money market, caused by larger bond purchases, to secure needed accommodations, so that little apprehension of stringency is felt in that quarter. Wall Street betrays little anxiety regarding money, because the offerings of United States bonds to the Secretary of the Treasury have, since money became active, been sufficient to prevent any serious accumulation in the Treasury. Altogether the money market is working as satisfactorily as could be expected. An equally good demand for money in London has kept the rates for sterling exchange from shading in our favor, though the volume of our exports is now steadily increasing.

The two influences that have been noted have resulted in a certain amount of discrimination in the market for securities, that resulted yesterday in a sharp break in the price of the certificates of the Sugar Trust and in the stock of the bankrupt Atchison Railroad Company. It is becoming clearer every day that the overbuilt Atchison system will have to be reorganized financially as well as physically. The argument against the Sugar Trust is that it is likely to receive the first shock of what seems to be an impending attack in Congress on organizations of its class. The manner of dealing with it by a revision of the tariff is plain. As a whole, the Stock Exchange markets have stood up against a number of adverse developments remarkably well. The large holders of securities are manifestly unwilling to sell them at current quotations. They see, both in bank exchanges and in railroad traffic returns, evidence that large crops and a suspension of railroad building are likely to increase the value of their holdings. They also have cumulative evidence of the progress that is constantly being made in the management of corporate property. Among the recent developments in that direction are the driving out of an incompetent board of officials from the control of the Columbus, Hocking Valley, and Toledo Railroad, and the success of the Northern Pacific directors in modifying Mr. Henry Villard's somewhat enthusiastic but seemingly unsafe views relative to the financiering of that company. Altogether the confidence that is being reflected in Wall Street seems to be warranted, but it must expect some hard knocks before the conditions that hopeful people expect are realized.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, September* 28, 1889.

BREATHING THE GERMS OF DISEASE.

To inhale the germs of disease with their daily breath is the fate of denizens of malaria-scourged localities everywhere. The endemic atmospheric poison may, however, be reft of its venom and rendered innoxious by a defensive use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This pre-eminently safe and effective remedy and safeguard not only eradicates the disease when developed, but enables the system to safely brave its assaults. Every physical function is confirmed in or restored to regularity, the circulation quickened if sluggish, and a bilious habit, which of itself begets a proneness to both intermittent and remittent types of malarial disease, where extrinsic atmospheric causes exist, powerfully counteracted by this inimitable fortifying and defensive agent, which has, moreover, none of the disagreeable characteristics of a drastic cathartic or an alkaloid. Fever and ague, dumb ague and ague cake, and the *calentura* of the Isthmus, are conquered by it surely, pleasantly. Rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, kidney and bladder troubles, constipation, and indigestion yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

HALF-RATES TO THE NATIONAL CAPITAL VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Apart from a Presidential inauguration, no more brilliant event has ever occurred in Washington than the triennial conclave of Knights-Templar from October 8th to 11th, 1889. Every three years this event attracts the attention of the country to some city, but for many years past Western cities have enjoyed the honor. Washington is now the favored point, and it may well be said that no city in the world is better adapted to such a purpose. Wide avenues, hedged by handsome buildings, form a background for a grand spectacular display that cannot be surpassed in America. It will be a gala week in the Capital, and thousands of people will go to witness it.

In order that every inducement may be offered, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will reduce its rates to Washington on this occasion by one half. This company will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all ticket stations on its lines, October 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, valid for return until October 31st, 1889, at *one fare for the round trip.*

On the return trip a stop-off, within the limit, will be allowed at Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Emporium, and Corry, according to the route of the traveller.

Agents will furnish specific rates on application.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is a pure malt extract of delightful taste and flavor. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Should be in every family.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Cornell's Benzoin Soap is recommended by physicians as being the best skin Soap made. 25 cents. Druggists, or Box 2148, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

The best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

A doctor's bill is seldom less than five dollars, and this doesn't include the cost of filling prescriptions. One dollar purchases a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, in nine cases out of ten, is all the medical treatment needed. Try it, and save your money for a rainy day.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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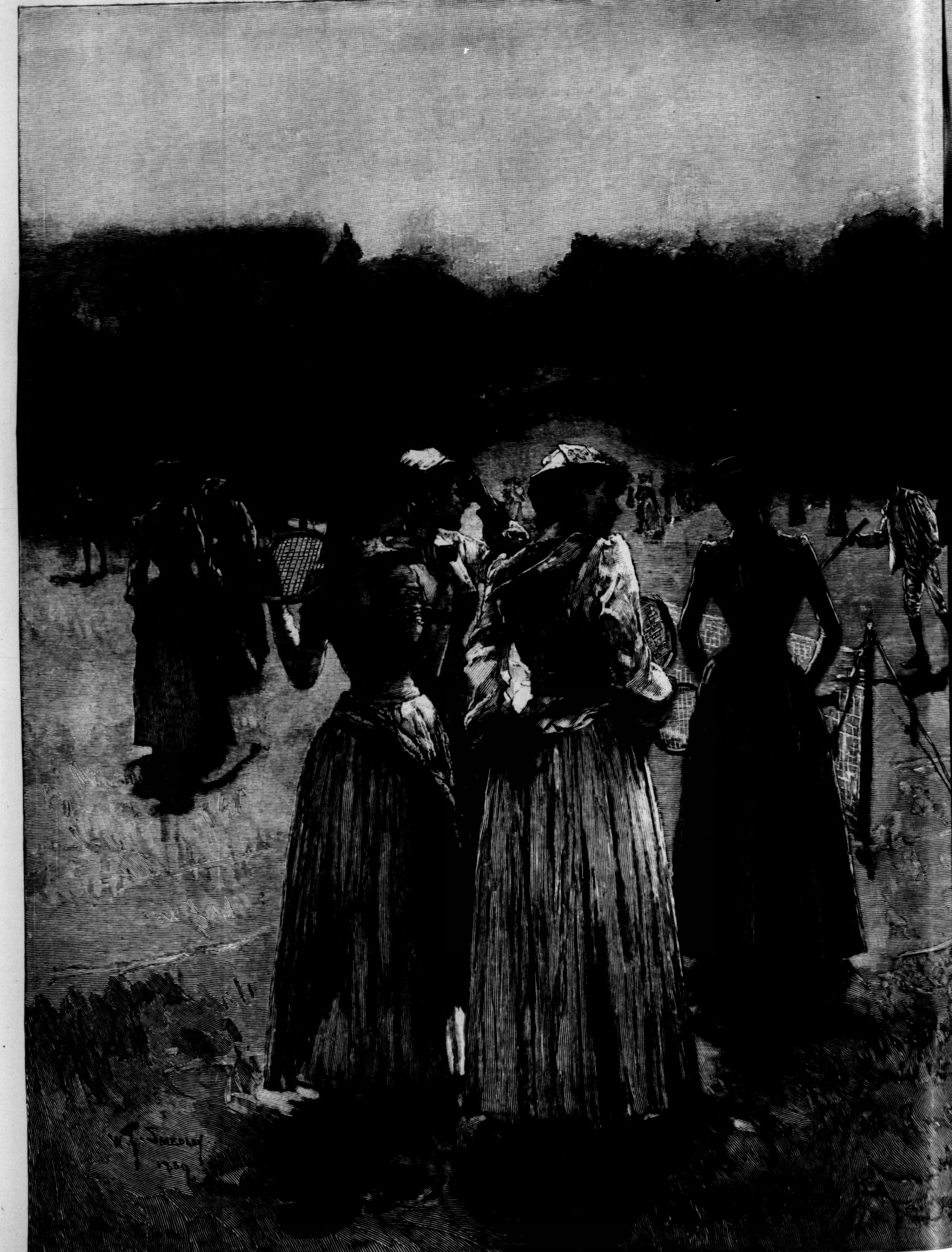
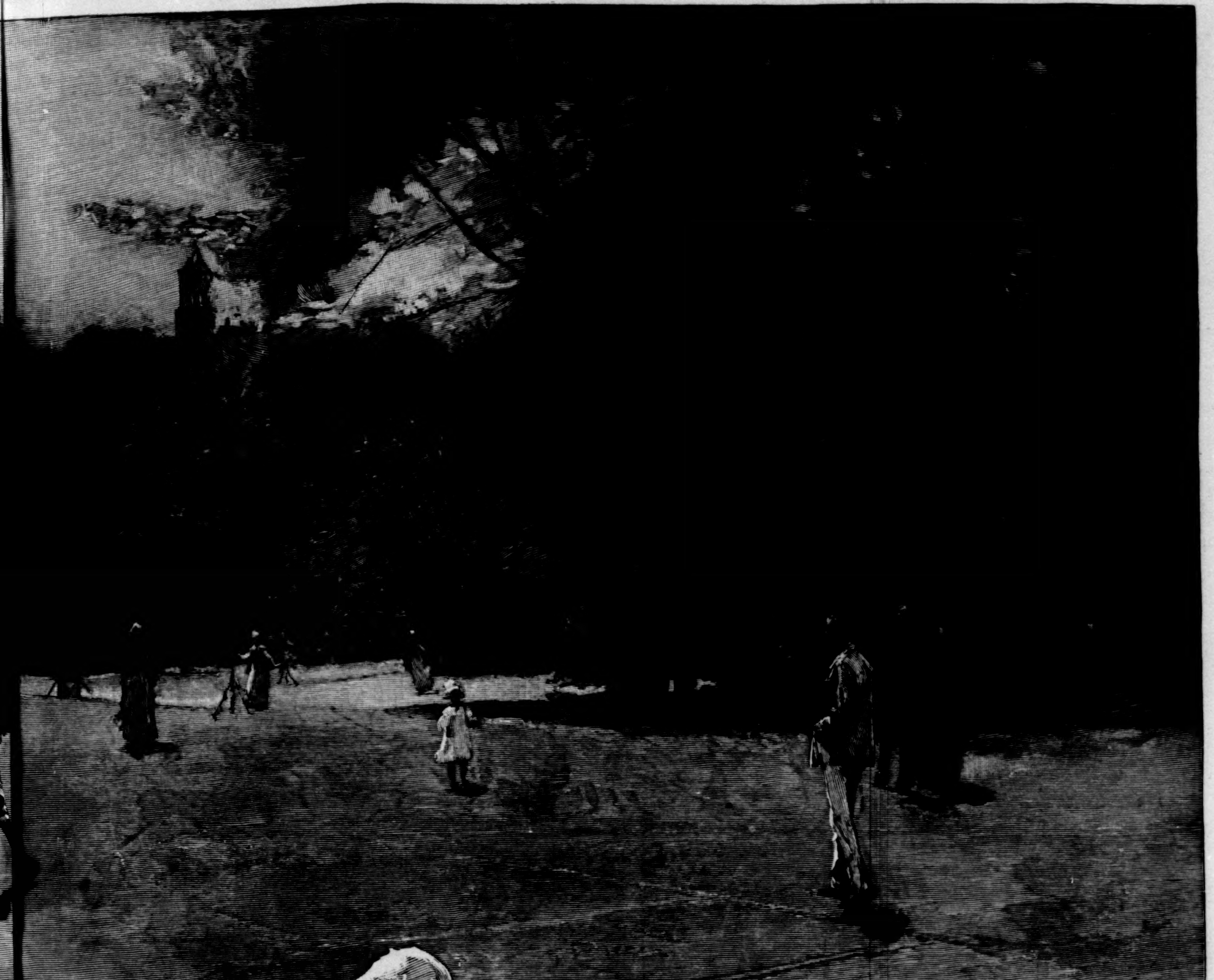


THE NORTH MEADOWS, CENTRAL PA

A Proposed Site for some of the



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PARK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 795.]
Buildings of the World's Fair of 1892.